G. A. HENTY by Harvey S. Ford

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXI No. 19 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS

"NATIVE SON"
By Richard Wright
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

"THE TREES"
By Conrad Richter
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

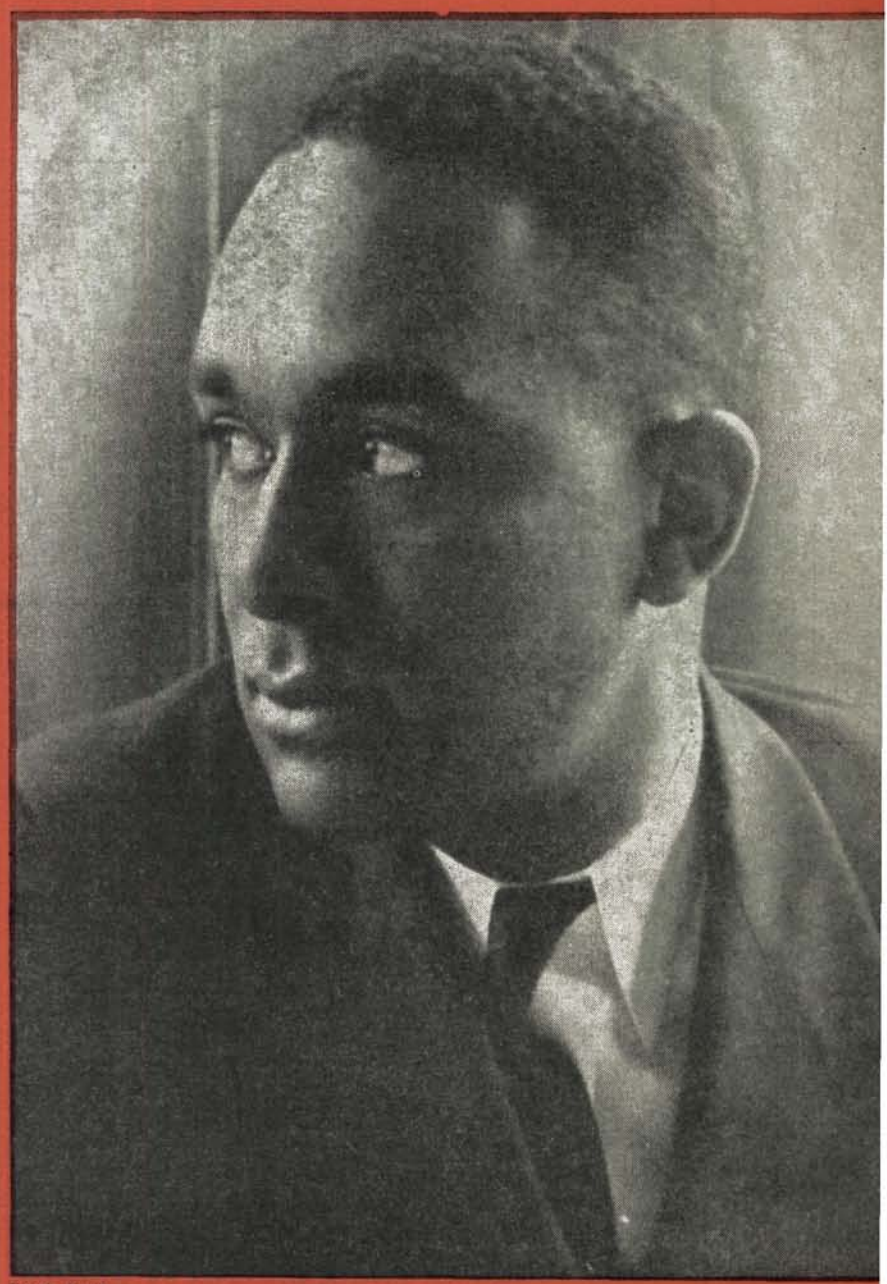
"IT WAS LIKE THIS"
By Hervey Allen
Reviewed by John T. Winterich

"GOING NATIVE"
By Oliver St. John Gogarty
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

SELECTED LETTERS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

OUR TOWN TALKS ABOUT BOOKS
By Dorothea Hoover

"FINLAND"
By J. Hampden Jackson
Reviewed by Agnes Rothery



Edith Kean

RICHARD WRIGHT: "It is authentic, powerful writing about a young Negro driven by his cramped destiny to crime" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jonathan Edwards,

1703-1758 *A Biography*

By OLA ELIZABETH WINSLOW

A brisk portrayal of one of our greatest 18th century Americans, whose personal story also dramatizes far-reaching changes which led up to the Revolution. This is a major contribution to the religious and intellectual history of New England. *Illustrated.* $3.50

Europe to Let

Memoirs of an Obscure Man

By STORM JAMESON

Author of "The Lovely Ship"

Miss Jameson pours out hotly all her indignation and pity, portraying, as a less skilled writer never could, the explosive world in which we live. In simple and moving human terms her novel reveals the history of our generation. $2.50

Now There Is Beauty AND OTHER POEMS

By SISTER M. THERESE

"Sister Thérèse is making her voice heard for its distinctive quality."—A. M. Sullivan, President of the Poetry Society. $1.25

"A book to restore one's faith in human nature."

RICHARD LLEWELLYN'S

How Green Was My Valley

Fifth Printing $2.75

This Is Our Own

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

A poet who has felt the unutterable beauty of nature and has found words and forms to express it in her own individual and intense way. $1.25

Selected Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson

No New England shyness or reticence dims the deeply human quality of this beloved poet as one peruses his letters. They are filled with the warmth, genuineness and and variety of his relationships. $2.50

Heroic Dust

By THEODORA DEHON

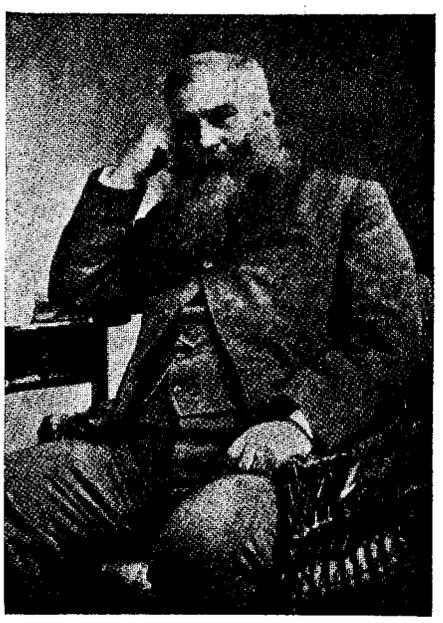
"A tale of gallant men and women, but also a record of an important historical movement set down with a grace and earnestness that impart the real flavor of bygone days. . . . Delightful and engrossing reading."—*New York Herald Tribune Books.* $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. A. Henty

BY HARVEY S. FORD



G. A. Henty

"HE was one of those whose influence makes for the greatness of England," wrote George Manville Fenn a generation ago, and although Henty's principal accomplishment was the writing of books designed for boys, the comment was not exaggerated. The greatness of England forty years ago was the greatness of an empire that was still growing, still aggressive and on the offensive, the greatness that ended with the conclusion of the Boer War and the beginning of the twentieth century. Appropriately, the end of this era coincided with the death of Henty and marked the decline in popularity of his books. Henty was a part of an expanding Britain; he was not suited to an empire on the defensive.

Henty wrote primarily for British readers, but he was as widely read in the United States, and for the same reason. British wars in India and Africa were matched by America's long struggle with the Indians in the West, and as the Boer War closed an era for England so did the war with Spain and the conquest of the Philippines for the United States. Today an army of Tom Swifts have eclipsed the books of a man whose name, a reviewer once wrote, was known wherever English was spoken. Yet the generation of men now in their fifties look back upon Henty with sentimental reverence, and acknowledge that he realistically interpreted his age better than any juvenile author has ever done.

George Alfred Henty was born on December 8, 1832 at Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, England, the son of a stockbroker and of a physician's daughter. As a small boy he seems to have been exactly the type of youth he later so heartily detested. Most of the time he was either sick or imagined himself so, and he spent months in bed reading the heavily sentimental and romantic fiction of the period. For recreation he wrote poetry about love and fair maidens. When the time came to send him away to school at Westminster, he was a tall, very slender, and pale young man who bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the familiar caricature of the romantic poet.

As might be expected, his transformation came about at the public school. His schoolmates rode him mercilessly about his poetry, and picked on him at every opportunity. Aside from the intense humiliation which this would naturally entail for an adolescent boy, there was a practical and painful disadvantage in being unable to prevent the unpleasant beatings which his classmates administered. The situation became intolerable, and Henty decided to remedy it by secretly taking boxing and wrestling lessons. The remedy had its effect, and Henty was able to return many of his beatings with interest; but it is doubtful whether the boxing lessons had as much to do with his revival as the fact that his large-boned figure was finally beginning to fill out. When Henty left Westminster, he already had the big body and splendid physique which was to carry him through years of campaigning and hard living. And what was more important, his mentality and outlook had changed accordingly: the pale poet had become the robust and hearty man of the world which Henty remained to the end of his days.

Henty entered Caius College, Cambridge, but he never received a degree, for the Crimean War intervened. Henty immediately volunteered, and so did his brother Frederick, both being commissioned in the commissariat department. The Crimean was an unhealthy war, and before it was over Frederick was dead of cholera at Scutari and Henty invalided home because of a fever, bringing with him the Turkish Order of the Medjidie. Though he no longer wrote poetry, Henty had never lost his interest in writing, and he sent home descriptions of the siege of Sebastopol which were published in the *Morning Advertiser*. One lasting thing Henty did discover: the turbulence of war was decidedly to his taste, and the Crimean became the first of a long series of wars with which he was to be associated over a period of nearly twenty-five years.

For the time being Henty elected to remain in the army, and in 1859 he was loaned to the Italians to organize their field hospitals in the war with Austria. Upon his return to England Henty was successively stationed at Belfast and at Portsmouth, but the army in peace time is always dull, and after a while he resigned. For a time Henty assisted his father in managing a coal mine in Wales, and later went out to another mine in Sardinia. However, business life was not for Henty either—though he later worked a story out of his mining experiences—and in 1865 he joined the staff of the London *Standard*. He remained with this newspaper, in one capacity or another, until his death. In 1866 the *Standard* sent him to Italy, where yet another war with Austria was in progress; and later he followed Garibaldi in the Tyrolese campaign.

From Italy Henty went to Ethiopia and accompanied Lord Napier on his march to Magdala in what until recent years was the last successful campaign conducted in that country. In 1869 Henty attended the opening of the Suez Canal, and the following

Next Week

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS
By LANCELOT HOGBEN
Reviewed by Irwin Edman

CALVIN COOLIDGE
By CLAUDE M. FUESS
Reviewed by Joseph F. Dinneen

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year he went to Germany to report the war with France. This war marked the beginning of the end for the war correspondent, because the Germans refused to let Henty and his colleagues accompany the troops to the front, a policy which was repeated in later major wars. Months later Henty managed to get to France, and there reported the crushing of Gambetta's rising and the death struggles of the Commune.

From 1873 to 1876 was Henty's busiest period. He traveled thousands of miles and saw so much fighting that it undermined his health and ended his days as a correspondent. First he went to Turkestan with the Russian army on an expedition to Khiva. Then to Africa with Lord Wolseley for a well-conducted little war with the Ashanti. In Spain next, Henty witnessed the final battles of the Carlist war, and in 1875 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on the latter's tour of India. In the following year Henty went out to what proved to be his last campaign, the Turkish-Serbian War. He discovered that Gladstone was wrong and that the Turk was really a good fellow, but his endurance was gone: "the long continued indisposition brought on by bad food and hard living has at last overpowered me," he wrote, and he was forced to leave the front and come home. As a war correspondent Henty deserves to be ranked along with Sir William Howard Russell, Archibald Forbes, and the great ones of the profession. In Henty's time, before censorship was so strictly enforced, the war correspondent literally lived the life of a soldier, and his reports were frequently of historical as well as news value. In two instances—the Ethiopian and Ashanti wars—Henty's newspaper articles were consolidated and issued in book form as campaign histories.

In between all these wars Henty found time to write two unsuccessful novels of the old three-volume variety, and two adventure stories for boys. The latter had begun as fireside tales for Henty's own children, oral of course. At the suggestion of a publisher Henty finally wrote one out and submitted it. It was accepted. Therefore when Henty retired from active journalism he turned to this source to make a living, but with the difference that he now had a definite purpose: he would reduce to adolescent understanding as much of the military history of man as he was able. Since the world is never at peace, this would seem an impossible task, but in the twenty-six years that remained before his death on November 16, 1902, Henty was able to get through an astounding amount.

In all Henty wrote about one hundred books, including his two campaign histories, an account of the first fifty years of Victoria's reign, eight or ten novels—none of which were successful—and some books of short stories. The rest were all stories for boys. At one time Henty embarked on what proved to be a disastrous attempt to publish his own books, and in addition, he edited a couple of boys' magazines, one in company with Forbes, which also, to his great disappointment, were failures. Henty never used the trick of writing a series to gain readers; he employed a common character in two books only once, when it was convenient in describing two phases of the Peninsular War. In his later years he published from one to four books every year, and his first editions were, and still are, expensive. But since all of his books went to at least three editions, everyone could afford them. The result was that he had a tremendous reading public.

If you open one of his books the first thing you will see, after the title page, will be the words "My dear lads," followed by a short explanatory preface, usually utilized to acknowledge his sources. Then an introductory chapter or two, and you will be in the midst of a military chronicle, clearly and interestingly written. The story is unimportant and does not intrude. You may be sure that the hero will be wounded a couple of times, and promoted a couple of times, and come home safely in the end. And in the book you will find, besides the narrative of military operations, the Henty creed, between the lines of every page: "You may perhaps be told that there is no good to be obtained from tales of fighting and bloodshed—that there is no moral to be drawn from such histories. Believe it not. War has its lessons as well as peace. You will learn from tales like this that determination can accomplish marvels, that true courage is generally accompanied by magnanimity and gentleness, and that if not in itself the very highest of virtues, courage is the parent of almost all the others, since but a few of them can be practised without it." Courage was his keynote. Though librarians today may ban him as militaristic, though he has lost his juvenile readers because he lacked sensationalism, yet to the generation that grew up before the Great War he taught his lesson well.

"I never touch on love interest," said Henty. "Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven, and I received a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister." While it was true that Henty avoided the love theme in his books, the reason he gave obviously is not. As will be shown, the fact that an opinion of his would anger a large section of his readers never deterred him from writing it down. The real reason probably was that Henty was old-fashioned and felt that it would be inappropriate and in bad taste to include such material in books designed for boys. Occasionally his avoidance of the love theme led him

(*Continued on page* 16)

Three Poems

BY NYM WALES

Japan in China

A FROG jumped
into an old pond
and made a magnificent ripple,
then all was quiet
and the butterflies came again.

Retribution

A JAPANESE Buddhist general
bought a flock of doves in the marketplace
and took them to a mountaintop
to set them free,
then he went back
and planted a cherry tree—
for he said that a good Buddhist
must give liberty
when liberty has been taken,
and create new life upon the earth
when life has been destroyed by him.

The Old Chinese Manner

TO sleep but not to dream, and not to wake too soon.
to ask no questions that have no proven replies,
to spin your sorrows round you in a hard cocoon.
to let others unravel while the silkworm lies:
that was old China's simple way—take the long view,
change not the world, but let the world change you.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. H. Smyth, Vice-President; Heinz Norden, Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. Back issues: from 1 week to 1 month old, 15c each; from 1 to 6 months old, 30c each; from 6 months to 1 year old, 60c each; over 1 year old, $1 each. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXI, No. 19, March 2, 1940. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man against the World

NATIVE SON. By Richard Wright. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

FOR terror in narrative, utter and compelling, there are few pages in modern American literature which will compare with this story of the few little days which carried Bigger Thomas, Negro from Mississippi in Chicago, from bullying cowardice through murder to the position of black fiend against the hating world hunted across rooftops in the snow. It is authentic, powerful writing, about a young Negro driven by his cramped destiny to crime, but only flung up by accident and anger as quarry for roaring fury. But I doubt that Bigger Thomas proves any more about the Negro than he does about the world. Man's inhumanity to man did not begin in Mississippi. It did not end with Bigger Thomas in Chicago. What Mr. Wright has written again and wonderfully well, in terms of a member of his own race, is the very ancient story of all criminals who have advanced through the cruel caprices of environment into the frenzy of unequal enmity against a continually imperfect world. Undoubtedly, however, with the wise choice of an unpopular symbol Mr. Wright has pointed in the case of the Negro the place where with deepest unreason we shape the criminal we kill.

The story of Bigger Thomas is the story of a rat. He may be, as Dorothy Canfield Fisher suggests in a brief introduction to the stirring story, the blocked and frenzied rat in the psychopathic laboratory of the world. He is also what a good many of us call a rat when we speak of the Bigger Thomases who recur in our civilization. In his story of Bigger's crimes and flight Mr. Wright does not make him anything else. Indeed, to begin with, he emphasizes the boy's furtive and ugly cowardice better in his attack on a Negro member of his petty pool-room gang than in any act against the surrounding and constricting white world.

Nevertheless Mr. Wright skillfully delivers our sympathies to Bigger. We feel the constricting white world around him. We share his sullen timidity as he enters the rich white world as chauffeur. We resent with him the insensitive fraternizing of the communist Jan Erlone and the rich radical Mary Dalton, for whose accidental murder after an evening of drinking he died. We stand in terror with him across the slow questioning hours beyond Mary's disappearance. And we run with him when the remnants of Mary Dalton's bones are found in the ashes of the furnace where he burned her. Our fear is even on his side when he follows accidental murder with a deliberate attempt to extort money by a kidnapping note to the rich and conventionally kind parents of the girl he killed—as it is when he kills his own colored sweetheart in the frenzy of flight. The cowardice as well as the sympathy which is in us all runs with the rat. We are all caught; the holes we might flee into are stopped. And the police and the mob which come in roaring search behind sirens and shouting represent the wild fury of our own world.

In the almost aching narrative which carries Bigger to his capture, Mr. Wright has written his story with an objectivity which is irresistible. He is the story-teller and the story-teller alone, though one who shocks our minds and squeezes our hearts. And beyond that flight Bigger's story goes on with power in the ordered violence of the law's processes. But even though skillfully written, the preaching comes, the tract emerges. In the satire both of the brutally ambitious district attorney and of the brutally sensational journalism, as well as in the almost mystical plea for Bigger's life by the wise radical Jewish lawyer who would identify Bigger's crime with the guilt of us all, there is a slowing of pace toward solemnity and almost—not quite—to sentimentality.

As a Southerner I may be suspect, but I think this book is better as a headlong, hard-boiled narrative than as any preaching about race relations in America, North or South. Certainly no sensible Southerner will deny the authenticity of Mr. Wright's picture of the plight of his race. But not only Negro boys in pool rooms and slums in Chicago feel caught and find a distorted manhood in violence. The rules of an insensitive world may be more binding, more hope-denying among them. But every order creates its rats and rebels and every civilization—so far in existence—deserves them. Bigger Thomas, for Vermont, for Mississippi, for Chicago, is a symbol of man's failure and, in his fear of contemplating it, the object of his frenzy, his cruelty, and his hate. He is not pretty. But he is the child of our living in this land.

Pioneer Family

THE TREES. By Conrad Richter. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ALTHOUGH the background of northern wilderness, in which the American pioneer battles trees, animals, and savages to establish himself, is vividly and rawly romantic, Conrad Richter firmly soft-pedals melodrama, sensation, and the merely picturesque, and gives to his new novel the ring of authenticity.

"The Trees" tells the story of one pioneer family that migrated from Pennsylvania to the virgin wilderness of southeastern Ohio near the end of the eighteenth century. Their Western migration and their struggles have a genuine epic import, for their story is the story of Western settlement. Worth Luckett is a born solitary and hunter, but his ailing wife, more gregarious, loathes their savage-like existence and yearns for neighbors and companions. Pathetically she dies in the wilderness, leaving five small children in the precarious custody of her vagrant husband. Sayward, the oldest daughter, armed with the *aes triplex* of the pioneer woman—common sense, strapping good health, and the heart of a lion—carries on bravely. When

Alfred A. Knopf

Conrad Richter

after a succession of accidents she finds herself alone at last, she resolutely, in near cave-woman fashion, captures a husband and puts him to work. But not hunting—the two sharpen their axes and begin clearing a space in the dense forest for "a little cabin patch planted with tame seeds that had in them the strange power to grow their kind as the wild ones did theirs." Like the sound of the axe in the final curtain of "The Cherry Orchard," the crashing of the great hickories at the end of "The Trees"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signifies the passing of an era. The evolution of the Western pioneer from hunter to farmer is a sort of recapitulation of man's early history.

The fact that "The Trees" is not a historical novel does not preclude its historical importance, but the reader's first interest is in this hardy, illiterate pioneer family. By relating the story and presenting the scene consistently from their point of view, the author achieves a unity and tightness that both strengthen and simplify the novel. Whatever the wider interest and significance of the book, the author is content to keep it entirely fiction and resists all temptation to press Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone into the story. He needs no such proper nouns to persuade us of the veracity of his portrait: we close the book convinced that this is how the woodsmen in the great forests of the Northwest Territory really lived.

Herbaceous Border

GOING NATIVE. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 294 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

THOSE who live in England, whether "natives" or of the mixed descent which seems usual in the best people, have always given to the word "Senator" a very grave connotation. For them there is something remote, dignified, patriarchal, wise, and politically benevolent in the word; and so, when the new Irish government proclaimed its possession of senators the natives of England were ready to be impressed.

In this country, of course, such a consequence from the adoption of a word, of that word, is unlikely; but in England it has taken the best efforts of Oliver St. John Gogarty to break down the unnatural respect which the word "Senator" inspired. His efforts have succeeded, all right. There's scarce a man supporting a bar in Fleet Street or chatting to Jimmy Bone at the Press Club who does not think by now that if Oliver St. John Gogarty could be a Senator, it must be a very different kind of a job from what he'd been taught to think it, and he's ready to take it on with the fifth whiskey.

Oliver St. John Gogarty

He's wrong, of course. There's more to it than whiskey. As Gideon Ouseley, the narrator of "Going Native" (who deputizes for Mr. Gogarty) says about a third through this book—the sentence makes a damn good motto for Gideon's bawdry trivialities—"Imaginings can be much worse than realities. They usually are." And I don't suppose even Mr. Gogarty could tell us the truth about being a senator. Nor does he try, in this book. Here is a story of half fact, half fiction, and all lies about how Gideon Ouseley at the bidding of W. B. Yeats—of whom in his splendid old age there is a magnificent description—left Ireland and went native in England.

It is a thousand pities that any one ever told Mr. Gogarty he was an Elizabethan. If ever, in manners, in style, in taste, and in bad taste there was an unrepentant Regency Buck, Oliver St. John Gogarty is that. He is so little of an Elizabethan, so little acquainted with the particular atmosphere of that England, even as it is mirrored in its greatest literature, that he can speak of Doll Tearsheet and Dame Quickly as inhabitants of Stratford. No one with any sensitiveness for period could put those two, born in Bankside, bred by the gutters and the stews, beside Avon. That would not matter, if it were not that I think Mr. Gogarty is a little affected by the false ascription of Elizabethanism. He writes out of time, as it were; and too often is fumbling uneasily at lute or pipe, when what he needs is that fascinating instrument, the pianoforte.

For instance his Vicar, who is incumbent of that delightfully named parish Mea Culpa, Waltham Whirling, Berkshire, is not a success as a piece of portrait-painting because Mr. Gogarty is not content to place him, where he

"Blind Force, Pure Chance"

IT WAS LIKE THIS: Two Stories of the Great War. By Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 153 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by John T. Winterich

HERVEY ALLEN served in France as a first lieutenant in the 111th Infantry, 28th Division, Pennsylvania National Guard. This unit met some of the shock of the German Friedensturm—peace offensive—of July 15, 1918, south of the Marne, and participated in the succeeding counter-offensive that drove the Germans back to the Vesle. During the autumn the 28th had a share in the greatest battle in American history—the Meuse-Argonne, our own Friedensturm. In this free-for-all Lieutenant Allen bore no part. He had been wounded in action in the fighting between the Marne and the Vesle.

Drawing for "It Was Like This" by Lyle Justis

That explains why the mise-en-scène of the two stories which, with an introduction, make up this small book is limited to activities of the 28th Division in the specific area in which Lieutenant Allen knew the terrain and what happened on it. They are good stories, based in essentials, we are assured, on actual occurrences, and certainly they have the authentic I-was-there ring. The longer, "Report to Major Roberts," is graphic, romantic, even Frank-Merriwellish, but even the most wretched of wars does not lack those qualities. The shorter, "Blood Lust," is a grim little character study.

The two together do not make very much of a book, in size or in importance. In order to support his two flanks, Mr. Allen has written an introduction which expounds his philosophy not so much of war as of battle. He believes the "possibility" that the United States may again "be forced to armed conflict" to be, "unfortunately, great." Already he finds young Americans asking what "it"—meaning each his own share of "it"—will be like. "Battle," Mr. Allen tells them, "is an experience of complete and unmitigated reality. . . . Blind force operating by pure chance; the fact that living existence is merely the opposite of nothing at all. . . . But this is not an abstract conclusion logically arrived at by contemplation. It has no steps. It arrives. One apprehends it entirely and at once by being plunged into battle, just as by being plunged into water one finds what it means to be wet."

Mr. Allen's own war diary, "Toward the Flame," recited one man's experience in vivid and transferable actuality—as nearly transferable as may be, considering the fact that one must just get wet by oneself. It may be doubted, however, whether one will see German (or any other) machine-gunners chained to their guns in the process.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidently belongs, with the parsons of Thomas Love Peacock or even with the actual Sydney Smith, but attempts to give him a Rabelaisian, Skeltonic complexion which makes him an impossible figure for the England of today.

And Gideon Ouseley himself? He is a more difficult—I cannot say delicate—problem. He is, at times, Mr. Gogarty's *idem ego*, rather than *alter ego:* and here Mr. Gogarty has been handicapped. When the late George Moore deserted naturalism and the objective method, he turned, after a short dalliance with false romance in "Evelyn Innes," to fantastic autobiography. He was a great novelist: he was also a great egotist—and so in "Memories of My Dead Life" and the immortal trilogy he created, as his chief character, George Moore. And while I suppose no eminent man of letters was ever so unpopular, or had so few friends, such was Moore's genius that he succeeded in keeping himself in those books, at the center of a circle of most remarkable men and women.

Now for years Mr. Gogarty has been one of the most popular men in Dublin, in England, and now in America—with men, I hasten to add. No Regency Buck is ever popular with intelligent women. Mr. Gogarty has not had to write his own fantastication of his own character. He has been widely advertised these past fifteen years or more as one of the characters of "Ulysses"; and since then, as our nurses used to say, "If you make a face like that, it will grow on you."

I think it is a pity. He is a poet, though not so great a poet as Yeats thought. He can write a lovely descriptive prose. He has a gift of phrase, and a turn for epigram as good as Susan Mitchell's, and less mannered than Wilde's. But he was celebrated as an unashamed boy-o of the old school—and he can be as boring as any stag at any evening party. Mr. Gogarty too easily falls into the literary equivalent of the gravely tipsy to whom the repetition of any improper word is indescribably amusing. He forgets that impropriety is entertaining only when it is a condiment, not course after course. In "Going Native" there is alas! far too much of this. But there are other things if you look for them, witty, delightful, and beautiful things. "The doctor was a diplomatic and intelligent man. Only for this latter qualification he might have had a very distinguished if not a successful career in the Foreign Office." Chequers is "a good club. . . . It is not, of course, as old as Bottles which is the oldest club in the world—followed by Empties, and, of course, Wellaway, Pall Mall." And then a sentence which should be remembered, "lying in an Irishman is only his attempt to put an herbaceous border on stark reality."

Fitful Glimpses

SELECTED LETTERS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 191 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

RIDGELY TORRENCE has written a disarming introduction to a selection of E. A. Robinson's letters, and it may seem churlish to examine it too closely. But Mr. Torrence, warning the reader not to expect brilliance or beauty or personal revelation, adds: "There is a world of poetry and there is a world of letter-writing, and hardly the two shall meet." Here we must enter a critical demurrer. The world of poetry and the world of letter-writing are not mutually exclusive. Some of the best poets have revealed themselves fully in both worlds; one need think only of Emily Dickinson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Keats. The truth is that most of Robinson's letters, like most of his conversations, were dull. He was recognizably a poet only when he wrote poetry.

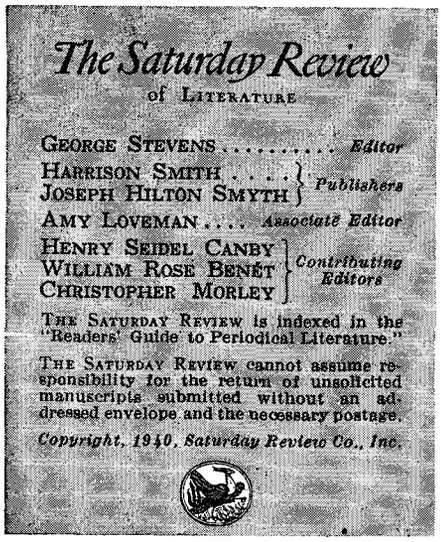
Mr. Torrence realizes this. He practically acknowledges it when he echoes the prevailing impression of Robinson as one "whose writing outsoared his speech as the lark the snail." Robinson himself was fully aware of it. He needed a long evening and a large bottle to break down his resistance to intimate communication. Even then he hugged his sense of isolation. Already at twenty he wrote: "I never was much of a light in company . . . Besides, Hippolytus never meddled with females." At twenty-four he predicted an inclosed life for himself: "This itch for authorship is worse than the devil and spoils a man for anything else." And more than thirty years later, at fifty-eight, he said practically the same thing: "I don't want to travel—unless I can see a case of Scotch at the end of my journey—and I don't want to visit even my friends for more than a few days."

However, if there is little style or quality in the published letters, there are plenty of other values. The selection is a record of loyal friendships, deeply attached and sometimes (as in the letters to Mrs. Richards) unexpectedly teasing. It intensifies the irony of an American poet writing for years on New England subjects to a relatively small audience, who, when he was nearing sixty, suddenly became a best seller with a long variation of the story of "Tristram." It discloses, almost in spite of the writer, some of his literary preferences and prejudices. He admired only a few of his fellow-poets (chiefly Rudyard Kipling, A. E. Housman, and William Vaughn Moody) without reservation. He spoke well, if briefly, about Frost and MacLeish, but he had little praise for the others and not much understanding. Sandburg was "the singer of 'blood and guts' . . . a sweet singer in Amy Lowell's jazz band." Santayana was "wooden. He has enough to say, but somehow it seems like something written by a highly sophisticated corpse." He couldn't read Joyce. He found Miss Millay "an eminent little critter," but her book, though "a most remarkable business," seemed "more literary than alive." Elinor Wylie "is to Donne what The Millay is to Shakespeare—if you care to figure that out." Strangely enough, Robinson did not care for Donne. At thirty he had already concluded that Donne was "dogmatic and ancient . . . apart from his period . . . doesn't seem to interpret much more than a sort of half-mystical sexual uneasiness and a rather uninteresting religious enthusiasm." The last letter dismisses Auden and Spender in a final line: "They are for the youngsters." Apart from Robinson's loyalties and limitations, these letters add color to the carefully selected facts in Hermann Hagedorn's dutiful biography. Here "from the inside" are glimpses of Robinson's combination of reticence and stubbornness, his struggles with his inhibitions and his poverty, the dramatic "rescue" by Roosevelt the First, his preoccupations with a "style," his strange ascent into what seemed popularity, and his subsequent lapse into overproduction in a futile effort to live up to his fame. That the moments of illumination are fitful will not make the book less valuable for the commentator, even if the casual reader will agree (as Mr. Torrence implies) that with these epistolary keys Robinson unlocked neither his heart nor his art.

American Academy of Arts and Letters

Edwin Arlington Robinson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS ..... Editor
HARRISON SMITH .... } Publishers
JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH }
AMY LOVEMAN .... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY }
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1940, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

The Great Unread

D. H. LAWRENCE died exactly ten years ago, on March 2, 1930. Since then he has been the subject of more legends (excepting perhaps his namesake who set off the Arab revolt) and of more books than any writer since Byron. In the case of D. H. Lawrence the personalia have impeded response to the man's writings. Everyone knows *about* Lawrence, yet his books have been for the most part neglected. During his lifetime the press helped to give him an unwholesome reputation, and this did not encourage libraries to buy his books. Shortly after his death there was a false-dawn of interest in his work: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was still having its first exciting circulation, and the bizarre early memoirs told just enough to drive their readers to Lawrence's own books for more information about him. But, though in one form or another they contain practically everything to be found in the memoirs, Lawrence's writings are literature rather than gossip: those looking for extraneous material were disappointed when they got lost among the magnificent passages. Then the plethora of later memoirs, the trivial anecdotes and passion-prompted judgments of all the rival camp-followers, made the whole subject a bore. Lawrence has remained The Great Unread.

Lawrence started out to be a somewhat traditional novelist. With his almost Dickensian knack of turning out the kind of characters formerly called "humours," and with his gift for evocation of landscape in something like the Hardy manner, he might have made himself the most successful British author of his time—if he had stuck to the path he was supposed to follow. But after the exploration of his own past in "Sons and Lovers," Lawrence felt he had gone as far as he could in the direction of poetic realism. "The Rainbow" marked the beginning of his search for a new way of consciousness, and during the rest of his life—through ill health, bitterness, and neglect—he continued that search. He came to advocate a return to man's estate before the human consciousness had felt the effects of over-intellectualization. He found his ideal contemporaries among the peasants of the Mediterranean fringe, men and women who still lived under the spell of the "dark" blood-consciousness rather than in the control of the "white" mind-consciousness. In Mexico Lawrence like to feel "the fatal greater day of the Indians" and forget "the fussy, but lesser day of the white people."

Certainly it would be hard to object to most of the goods he proposed for humanity—saner sex attitudes, more sunlight for more people, and so on—though a great part of the positive side of his philosophy was confused and offered no consistent program. While a man like Lawrence must not be taken too literally, it should nevertheless be remembered that he could not even organize his friends and disciples into the Lorenzomorphic community he hoped to found. And as far as the general public went, Lawrence's soundest recommendations had the disadvantage of being poetically expressed or put forth with a prophetic gesture, so they were received with suspicion. Political developments since the time of his death have helped to create another accusation against him: there are superficial resemblances between some of Lawrence's ideas of mystic leadership and some of the Nazi doctrines, but they are only superficial resemblances. Lawrence came to see the "leader-cum-follower relationship" as a "bore" and a "cold egg," and the charge that Lawrence was philosophically a fascist is refuted by the livingness of the whole body of his work. And in any critical estimate Lawrence's work should be considered in its entirety, with the poems, plays, and essays complementing the novels. The assembled whole will be seen to have a form which the individual units are often criticized for lacking—it has a beginning, middle, and end, and tells a compelling story of a modern man's futile struggle for integration, first in a family torn apart by social and sexual conflict, then in a world he thought was being ruined by the mechanization of human values. In its despair and frustration it is one of the great tragic stories of our time, though with its vitality and brightness it is often one of the intensest and gayest, and for sheer poetic surge of story-telling it would not be easy to find its literary equal.

If civilization ever reaches a point where the return to a pre-civilized consciousness is desirable, Lawrence the prophet may be resurrected, but at present Lawrence's greatest potential value is as a writer, a poet. Readers who deprive themselves of the experience of Lawrence miss some of the finest presentations of the physical aspect of the modern world that can be found in literature. Lawrence with his sense of "the spirit of place" projected into his books memorable descriptions of the mine-blasted English midlands, of Bavarian forests, of Italy, Australia, Mexico, New Mexico. He wrote spontaneously, with little or no correction, and the sentences poured out of his pen like lava, hot and penetrating. There is nothing so

(*Continued on page* 17)

Announcement

The publishers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* announce that with the issue of March 9, Elmer Davis will join the Editorial Board of *The Saturday Review* with Norman Cousins as executive editor. George Stevens, who has been the editor of the fifteen-year-old magazine since March 1938, is leaving to accept a position as manager of the New York office of J. B. Lippincott and Company.

The new Editorial Board of *The Saturday Review* will consist of Mr. Davis, Henry S. Canby, Amy Loveman, Norman Cousins, and Harrison Smith; contributing editors, Christopher Morley and William Rose Benét.

Mr. Davis, who will contribute editorials to the magazine, is nationally known as a news commentator on world affairs, and is, in addition, a classical scholar, novelist, and essayist, who will bring to *The Saturday Review* the benefit of his extensive literary background. Norman Cousins, who will become executive editor of *The Saturday Review,* will resign his present position as an editor and literary critic of the magazine, *Current History,* with which he has been affiliated for four years. He succeeded John Chamberlain as book critic of the magazine in January 1936, and was later appointed one of the editors. Previous to his affiliation with *Current History,* Mr. Cousins was education editor of the *New York Post.* For the last two years he has lectured widely on books and world affairs. The publishers further announce that *The Saturday Review* is in no way connected with any other periodical.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *T. S. Eliot's "Idea of a Christian Society"*

Humble Rebuttal

SIR:—I offer a humble rebuttal to the review of T. S. Eliot's book, "The Idea of a Christian Society," which appeared in your magazine January 6, 1940.

The reviewer evidently prefers greater simplification in words and thought which, to my mind, would lead to inadequate explanation of any "idea."

The familiar notion occurred to me that the critic was the lesser intellect. Eliot flatters the reader by not simply saying the obvious and to me it does not seem a difficult task to determine what he means by idea. In fact he clearly begins delimiting his definition on page 4.

The attempt on the part of totalitarianism to establish unity of thought is a fact and not a preference statement by the author of the book. Eliot states again and again that it is not his concern in the book to set up the means but merely to explain why he believes a decision as to the end must be established. That he is indifferent to the means is an unjust implication.

It seemed to me that the reviewer preferred to avoid the import of what Mr. Eliot really meant and substituted as many irrelevancies as possible, to say nothing of condemning his own ability of paraphrasing by misstatements. The reviewer apparently thinks of words in a frozen sense so that for him endless explanation of a word would still mean one thing to him and something else to T. S. Eliot.

May I add that I believe Mr. Eliot would consider the following statements more significant ones chosen from the context than the ones selected for the review. He states that democracy and liberalism are good as far as they go but they are in the final analysis negative and it is time that something positive is adopted unless the choice is to be for the side of paganism. He says that modern paganism is worse than the ancient paganism since it sets up as its end materialism.

He says that his statements are drawn from the particular situation which he knows best, the Church of England, but that he believes the situation in America to be insoluble.

Education and democracy, the great American ideals, can take us only so far. We must have something absolute to which to refer the contingent. Otherwise our values become increasingly vague and we have nothing with which to combat rival ideologies.

VIRGINIA CURRY BISHOP.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Ratner Replies

SIR:—Thank you for giving me an opportunity to reply to Miss Bishop's rebuttal.

1. I am afraid Miss Bishop and not my review is guilty of confusing (a) Mr. Eliot's definition of "idea" with (b) his "idea *of* a Christian Society." Her reference is relevant only to (a). On p. 4 I find:

> In using the term "Idea" of a Christian Society . . . I mean something that can *only* be found in an understanding of *the end* to which a Christian Society, to deserve the name, *must* be directed. (Italics mine.)

In my review I find:

> And it is "ends" that distinguish Mr. Eliot's "Christian Society." The Fixed and Ultimate Ends . . . if you are or are to become a Real Christian . . . think and work only for The End.

2. Now for (b). Miss B. ignores my quotations, I suppose because they are "irrelevant," or perhaps for some more recondite reason, since she is privy to what "Mr. Eliot *really* meant." However, I quote some more.

> (I) The fundamental objection to fascist doctrine . . . is that it is pagan [p. 18].
>
> (II) The rulers, I have said, will, *qua* rulers, accept Christianity not simply as their own faith to guide their actions, but as the system under which they are to govern [p. 34].
>
> (III) In any future Christian Society that I can conceive . . . there will be room for a *proportion* of other persons professing other faiths than Christianity. *The limitations imposed upon such persons* . . . [pp. 35-36; italics mine].
>
> (IV) One of the causes of the totalitarian State is an effort of the State to supply a function *which the Church has ceased to serve;* to enter into a relation to the community *which the Church has failed to maintain; which leads to the recognition as full citizens only of those who are prepared to accept it in this relation* [p. 68; italics mine].
>
> (V) . . . a theology of the absolute separation of the life of the Spirit and the life of the World has spread from Germany. Such a doctrine appears more plausible, when the Church's position is wholly defensive. . . . But this theology is incompatible with the assumptions underlying everything that I have been saying. . . . And . . . *the totalitarian tendency is against it,* for the tendency of totalitarianism is to reaffirm, on a lower level, the religious-social nature of society [pp. 51-52; italics mine].
>
> (VI) . . . a good deal of the attention of totalitarian states has been devoted, *with a steadiness of purpose not always found in democracies,* to providing their national life with a foundation of morality —the wrong kind *perhaps,* but a good deal more of it. It is not enthusiasm, but *dogma,* that differentiates a Christian from a pagan society [p. 59; italics mine].

I am happily unendowed with clairvoyant powers, so I leave it to Miss Bishop to tell us what "Mr. Eliot *really* meant" by the above, which are only a few representative selections. The way I was taught to add, what Mr. Eliot means in (I)—(VI) is what I said he meant. Restated in ampler form than the stringent space limitations of the review allowed, it comes

(*Continued on page* 18)

"He may be buried, but deep in my heart, Chaucer is six hundred years old today."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Books on Finland

FINLAND. By J. Hampden Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 243 *pp., with index.* $2.

THE SPIRIT OF FINLAND. By Willis N. Bugbee. Syracuse, N. Y.: The Willis N. Bugbee Co. 1940. 157 *pp.* $2.

COOPERATION TO THE FINNISH. By Henry H. Bakken. Madison, Wisconsin: Mimir. 1939. $2.50.

FINLAND: LAND OF HEROES. By Toivo Rosvall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 272 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

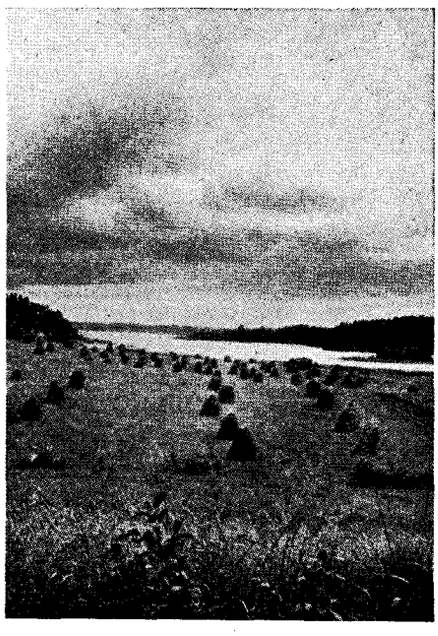
Reviewed by AGNES ROTHERY

HERE are four books from four different angles to meet the demand for information about Finland.

J. Hampden Jackson's is a straightforward and authentic history, written by an Englishman from the British point of view. Those who are not too breathless keeping up with current events to take time to study the background leading up to those events will find in it the precise facts they want.

Mr. Jackson defines Finland's relations to other countries—principally to Great Britain and the United States—and the economic and political development of a country which has found "a middle way between private enterprise and State control"—a country where "capitalism in peasant dress has triumphed."

He sets forth with clarity the balance between the two distinct races in Finland—the Swedes and the Finns; between the classes, which are not widely separated, as few are very rich and none are destitute; between the sexes, where again the divergence is slight, as women have and use the identical opportunities open to men with the exception of serving in the army, navy, and ministry; between town and country. Here again the interests are not diametrically opposed, as practically all city dwellers have a rural background and rural affiliations.



Finnish farmland (photos from "Finland: Land of Heroes")

The culture of Finland from the earliest period beginning with the black arts; its religion, beginning with Shamanism; its history, which for nine hundred years was ground between the upper and nether millstones of Swedish and Russian influence; all these are clearly given, with due recognition of the parts played by the other Baltic States, Germany, and France.

Out of these painful and complicated centuries developed Finnish nationalism. "Swedes we are no longer: Russians we can never be: therefore we must become Finns."

Mr. Jackson is an Englishman, and he makes the comparison between Finland and Ireland in their struggle for home rule, for their own language, institutions, laws, and their own solution of their problems, and he completes his book with a judicial summing-up of the civilization and culture of Finland as it existed on the eve of the present conflict.

Because the book was written before the Russian onslaught and invasion, it lacks a certain timeliness, but it gains in perspective. It is extremely illuminating to read about the men who are making Finnish history, as they made history twenty years ago—Mannerheim and his White Army, Kyosti Kallio and his agrarian reforms, Risto Ryti and his monetary policies. These forceful figures are exercising the same clear-sighted initiative of former years, with the added value of their experiences. One is also struck by comparison between the wars of 1808 and 1940. Such a volume is the best possible handbook for a preliminary understanding of the present situation.

Those who prefer lighter fare will find it in Willis N. Bugbee's pleasant account of two summers which he and his sister spent in Finland. It is a modest recital of travel, description of scenery and historic sights, non-technical facts and figures, and personal opinion. Written frankly in the hope of making Americans a little better acquainted with the Finnish character and its setting, it is published by the author, with any profits derived from its sale to be donated to Finnish Relief.

Helsinki

Although Henry H. Bakken, of the University of Wisconsin, prefaces "Cooperation to the Finnish" with a brief historical outline, his volume is a technical study of the development and present conditions of coöperatives in Finland. He gives the background, tradition, and history of coöperative organizations in industry, timber, fish, insurance—going into especial detail regarding the cost of manufacturing and marketing evaporated milk. The soundness of Finland in her domestic affairs and also in her foreign relations is largely based upon her solution of this particular problem of coordination and concord. Furthermore, that solution holds lessons for the operating methods and business policies of an important industry in America.

These three books will find their specialized readers. Toivo Rosvall's volume combines something of all of them, to appeal to the general public. He presents his information, which is extensive, and his unique sympathy—for he is of Finnish descent—in an informal pot-pourri of travel, visits, observations, personal experiences, legends, economics, history, and politics. He succeeds in imparting flavor and in sharing a genuine insight, but even those who are familiar with Finland will find the result a trifle confusing—geographically, chronologically, and artistically.

But with Mr. Jackson's scholarly history in one hand, and Mr. Rosvall's lively chronicle in the other, one can get a good idea of both the actual and psychological set-up in a country which has won and is holding the admiration of the civilized world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Struggle for Power

COMPETITION FOR EMPIRE: 1740-1763. By Walter L. Dorn. [The Rise of Modern Europe, edited by William L. Langer]. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1940. 426 pp., with index. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH R. STRAYER

WE account ourselves extraordinarily unlucky in having seen two world wars begin in the same quarter century. It may be some consolation to reflect that in the eighteenth century there was a bare sixteen years between two major conflicts. The War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War were world wars—in some respects they deserve that title more than our recent struggles. The chief antagonists fought on four continents, while in Europe there were practically no neutrals. These wars were very inefficient by our standards, since civilian populations were neither mobilized by their rulers nor bombed by their opponents. Yet the results were as important and probably more permanent than those of 1918. England became the leading naval and colonial power, Prussia was recognized as a first-rate state, and Russia was accepted as a full member of the European family of nations.

Mr. Dorn is interested primarily in the political and social conditions which made these wars necessary and which determined their nature and results. He sees them as a natural outgrowth of the "competitive state system" in a period "when religion was no longer and modern liberal ideas were not yet the mainspring of political action." The competing states were struggling for power, pure and simple. Except in England, "commercial interests rarely played a decisive role." In no other period is it possible to study such pure specimens of power politics, and Mr. Dorn has made the most of his opportunity. In a remarkable series of chapters he analyzes the social structure, the administrative system, and the military organization of the chief European states. This analysis explains the diplomatic, commercial, and colonial policies of the powers. It also explains many other activities which were not officially controlled by governments. Civilization is primarily a matter of organization, and the "leviathan state" of the eighteenth century had by far the best organization of its day. Its structure was imitated by other groups and its concentrated power affected all other activities. Mr. Dorn suggests a parallel between the bureaucratic organization of the state and the new types of economic organization which were arising. He points out "the stimulating effect of the enormous purchasing power of the army" on the economic life of many countries and argues that often "it was less capitalism that called into being the standing army than the standing army that paved the way for modern capitalism." Modern European society owes much to bureaucracy and militarism, and it is still paying its debt.

The analysis of the "competitive state system" is a brilliant piece of work and it makes the book indispensable to anyone interested in the eighteenth century. Some of the other sections are not quite up to this standard. The long chapter on the Enlightenment, inserted between the account of two wars, has only a chronological connection with the rest of the book, and is a little too compressed to do justice to the movement. The chapter on the Seven Years' War shows that the author is better at analysis than narrative. He is so interested in telling why things happened that he sometimes forgets to tell how they happened. The insertion of a usable map of Europe would have made it easier to follow the course of the war.

Nevil Shute's Novel of Dream and Reality

AN OLD CAPTIVITY. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1940. 333 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. SHUTE has framed his new novel, or half-framed it, in the account given by a psychiatrist of a man who confided in him that he feared he was going insane because of a series of dreams which had seemed to him more real than reality. The man is Donald Ross, a British aviator, and what he tells the psychiatrist makes the book; it includes two stories, one of the life into which he dreamed himself, the other of the events that led to his dreams. The narrative is, however, cast in the third person, and the observant reader may notice that Ross seems to have reported conversations at which he was not present, and even, in the dream-story, things said when he, the dreamer, was unconscious! In fact, that psychiatrist would be better out of the story; he only stands between us and what Mr. Shute can do so well, the portrayal of a man good at his job and of a job Mr. Shute thoroughly understands.

Ross is hired by an English archeologist named Lockwood to make an aerial survey of part of Greenland. He finds that he is to be accompanied by Lockwood, who has no conception

Nevil Shute

of the possible dangers of the trip, and by Lockwood's spoiled daughter Alix, who chooses to take a dislike to Ross when she first sees him. Mr. Shute's account of the expedition is really fine; without ever appearing to stack the cards unduly against his hero, he lets us see how many things can go wrong on such a trip, and how great a strain of anxiety this knowledge puts on an experienced pilot, even when things go well. Ross rises to every difficulty with courage and competence, and it is no wonder that Alix comes to perceive his good qualities and to catch their infection. But the strain tells on Ross; he is obliged to take drugs in order to sleep, and something about the place seems to haunt him; and so begin the dreams that make up the second half of the book.

They are dreams of the time when he and a girl like Alix are captives aboard the ship in which Leif Ericson is exploring beyond Greenland to find the land that he is to call Wineland. In that life he and the girl were primitive Scots, shy and wild like captive animals; they are also great runners, and are sent to explore Wineland when it is reached. Mr. Shute is at his best with simple characters like these. They do not much resemble, in character, their waking antitypes, but in themselves they have the unconscious charm of animals, and their love for each other, in a new world, is a strange and lovely idyll.

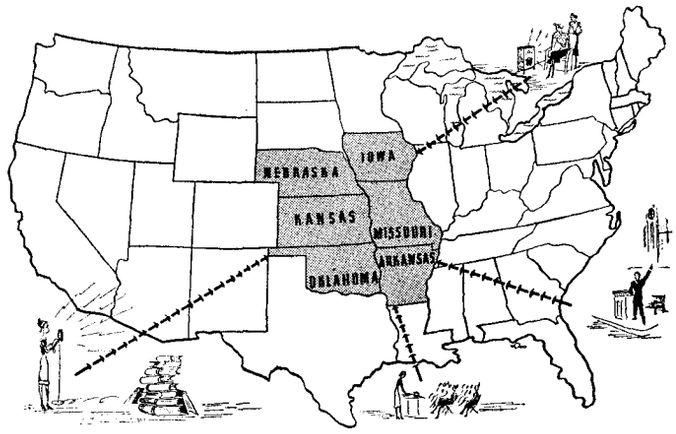
The great fault of the book is that it does not hang together well; we never get back to that psychiatrist, though it seems unkind to leave Ross dangling in doubt of his sanity. But its parts offer excellent entertainment, varied and unusual.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Town Talks about Books

(A partial survey of local book clubs and of the spoken book review in six central states: Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arkansas)

BY DOROTHEA B. HOOVER



"Book Forums, Review Groups, Reading Clubs, Bookman Clubs, Book Scraps and Teasers, Modern Literature Groups, Evenings with Books" . . .

A PERIODICAL devoted to written reviews of current books may well from time to time devote space to the spoken review—the critical discussion, or non-critical summary, delivered in homes, schools, hotels, libraries, department stores, movie houses; from pulpits, before clubs, over the radio—reviews sometimes excellent, scholarly, witty, stimulating; sometimes prolix and dull; but in any case an important medium in the "spread" of books throughout the country, their sale, circulation, and influence.

Geographically the six states included in this survey are central, or slightly north and south central. In the book pattern of the country, too, they rank usually in the middle or below, with some notable exceptions: Iowa ranks first in the United States in the percentage of literate people ten years and over, Nebraska and Kansas tie for fifth place; Nebraska lists no urban population without some public library service, Iowa has no counties without it, and Kansas but two; Missouri ranks third in circulation of daily newspapers. Although libraries and book stores are not as adequate as in most eastern and some far western states—particularly for the rural districts—the urban population is fairly well supplied with books, there is a high rate of literacy, the circulation of books in Iowa and Missouri is above the U. S. average, and in Kansas and Nebraska but slightly lower, while appropriations for state library commissions are increasing, particularly in Arkansas and Oklahoma. Book purchasing, comparing a survey of ten years ago with a more recent government report, is definitely on the increase. The book club and the verbal book review are strong threads in that pattern.

Two hundred and sixty questionnaires were sent last summer to public librarians, club presidents, and literature chairmen, on book clubs and study groups, on other clubs using the book review; the type of review, number of professional reviewers, radio and library reviews, etc.; and opinions were asked whether the book discussions or reviews really stimulated book-buying and borrowing. This was no "Gallup" poll—replies ambled leisurely in from vacationers all during a summer "hot enough to crisp an Arab", as one correspondent picturesquely stated. The following data and opinions are compiled from the one hundred and forty-seven replies from a hundred and thirty-seven different towns and cities—from a village of 625 souls up to cities of half a million.

Book Forums, Circles, just plain Book Groups; Review Groups, Reading Clubs, book review sections within larger organizations; Bookman Clubs, Booklovers' Groups; book teas, luncheons, dinners, and the "Coffee Hour"; Book Scraps and Teasers; Modern Literature Groups; drama groups by the dozens; "Evenings with Books"; groups studying regional or national literature (Southern, American, Continental, Soviet); Literary Guilds, Clubs and Groups; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Every-Afternoon-And-Evening—even a Saturday Night Book Group: these are but a few names of a hundred and twenty-four groups for book exchange, discussion, or review listed by some sixty towns. Most of them meet monthly or semi-monthly, a few even once a week.

There is a tendency to look down the nose at the woman's club, to state loftily that it chooses books entirely from the recent "best-seller" lists, and predominantly fiction. About forty book clubs submitted partial or complete lists of books reviewed from October, 1938, through May, 1939; and, while in the total of 277 different titles and 543 reviews, to be sure most of the best sellers appeared and were reviewed most frequently, only nine books were listed more than ten times each, while 190 books appeared but once each. These nine were: "All This and Heaven, Too," "Rebecca," "Listen, the Wind," "With Malice Toward Some," "My Son, My Son," "Horse and Buggy Doctor," "Fanny Kemble," "And Tell of Time," "The Yearling."

The statement that only fiction is reviewed is itself fiction: 70.3% of the 277 books and 60.5% of the 543 reviews were non-fiction (history, poetry, biography, philosophy, religion, travel, mental hygiene, drama). By and large the books were fairly recent, 75.3% of the fiction being published in 1938 and 1939, 54.7% of the non-fiction, or 60.8% of the total. Very little older fiction—11%—was dusted off and taken down from the shelves, but over one-fourth of the non-fiction was published before 1937.

Many organizations reported large book forums, teas, or luncheons, for the majority of their members, with smaller discussion groups, book-exchange groups, or reading groups that read the books in advance and meet to argue over them. One of the liveliest of the latter type is Kansas City, Missouri's "Book Scraps"—not, as would seem at first glance, devoted to mere fragments or excerpts from books, but, the word taken from the slang verb "to fight, quarrel, tussle", it actually "guarantees to scrap." Similar are twelve small groups in Wichita, Kansas; numerous "Booklovers' Groups" in Tulsa, Oklahoma; and others in Ada and Bartlesville (Okla.); Baldwin, Hiawatha, and Fort Scott (Kans.); Peru (Neb.); St. Joseph and Vandalia (Mo.); and elsewhere.

Choral reading of modern poetry interests groups in Iowa and Nebraska. One group, at Lincoln, begins each program with at least fifteen minutes' reading of modern poetry. Evidently adopting Dr. Johnson's opinion that the best of an author is in his books, Joplin presents public book-review forums preceding lectures by prominent authors, to insure acquaintance with these authors' books and thus a more intelligent audience for the lectures. Books appropriate to the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasion, the district, and the reviewer are often chosen. A review of "Fashion Is Spinach" accompanied a style show in Monticello (Ark.). Several towns along rivers reviewed Ben Lucien Burman's "Blow for a Landing"; all states took kindly to the books of their favorite sons. "The Citadel," "An American Doctor's Odyssey," and other books in the medical field were reviewed by prominent physicians and deans of medical colleges.

Drama Groups abound. Plays are discussed, pulled to pieces, wept over; critics' opinions read—and frequently challenged. Brooks Atkinson, John Anderson, John Mason Brown, are familiar household words, while Burns Mantle's book of ten best plays wearily falls apart at the end of the year. Groups that can never see them staged wrinkle their brows over Paul Vincent Carroll's religious plays, rejoice over the successful revival of a favorite like "Outward Bound," wonder why the cramped dwellers in "One Third of a Nation" do not move to these spacious lands, and fold to their bosoms "Our Town" because (Pearl Buck to the contrary notwithstandstanding) the "bourgeois majority" really *does* like to "find itself in books", to see itself in plays.

Many book clubs assist the public libraries. Smaller towns in particular reported clubs that buy their own books, circulate or review them, and then give them to the libraries; others sponsor benefits to buy new books for the libraries that serve them. One organization in Ames (Ia.) sponsored, in coöperation with the public library, "Evening with Books," twice a month during seven months; reviews by members of the college faculty and the sponsoring organization, by ministers or other prominent citizens, attracted large audiences. The situation is often reversed, the library itself conducting book clubs, holding Citizens' Book Councils, and bringing to the surface many older books of distinct educational value.

General talks, on new books of the season, on the much-maligned best sellers, on children's books, are often given. Vandalia (Mo.) gives "Book Teasers": notes on the author, nature of the story, background, style, recommendations for reading it, and a concise criticism, each "teaser" limited to ten minutes. There is a noticeable trend away from the miscellaneous book review in many cities and some organizations; in others, if the review is continued, the more critical type is encouraged. Nevertheless, in the opinion of those filling out the 147 questionnaires, 48% of the reviews are still of the résumé type, simply a condensation or summary; about 30% are of the critical, appraisal type, and 22% a combination of the two: some criticism of the book plus a less detailed summary of its contents. There is no accepted technique. Some "tell all"; others read haphazard passages from the book; some give critical, scholarly, and adequate reviews. Nebraska and Missouri reported study groups on the "Art of Giving a Book Review." A series of talks on how to give a book review was presented by the district chairman of the Federation of Women's Clubs in St. Louis: from forty to a hundred women postponed washday and hurried out every Monday morning to listen and learn!

But critical or non-critical, book reviews flourish. Crowds attend them even at Farm and Home Weeks and 4-H encampments. The table below (duplications eliminated) is based on figures listed in the questionnaires.

As there are some 367 towns in the six states with populations of 2,500 or over, and twelve of the 137 towns surveyed are under that size, these figures then cover only 125, or about one third, of the larger towns, and hence of the possible reviews. Three times 12,335, or roughly 36,000, might be a fair estimate of last year's book reviews or talks in the urban communities of the central states. Figures from the General Federation of Women's Clubs alone are most impressive: these six states last year had 2,765 federated clubs; state chairmen of literature who answered that question estimated that each club averaged at least two book reviews a year; but the resulting 5,530 reviews were *not included in the above total of* 12,335, as perhaps many already formed part of the totals from the 136 towns. It is difficult to obtain actual facts; but as these figures are based on estimates from well-educated and experienced women (plus a few men), either actually engaged in club work or, as with the librarians, called upon daily to assist in planning programs, the totals are fairly reliable, and tend to be conservative rather than exaggerated.

For seven of the 28 local radio stations reported in the 147 questionnaires the book reviews or talks are arranged by the public library, librarians and staff members themselves often conquering mike fright and going on the air. One station even presents daily (except Sunday) book reviews or readings, plus seven other book periods a week, three of which are brief reviews and a book-chat. This station, WOI, conducted by the Iowa State College at Ames, has for fourteen years regularly broadcast book reviews, summaries, and book news. Begun in 1925 to stimulate interest in reading, these consisted first of a weekly half-hour of reviews and summaries; in 1928 they expanded to the point of reading aloud entire books, daily, from 9:00 to 9:30 a.m. To fill the avalanche of requests for books reviewed or recommended over the radio, the College Library in 1930 instituted the Radio Book Club, a rental library on a non-profit basis, which makes a nominal charge for a certain number of books, has over 2,200 members living within 300 miles of Ames, and has done much to supply books for the neglected rural districts —41% of the members live on farms and in villages lacking adequate public libraries. 70% of the 1,184 titles listed in the Radio Book Catalog are recreational reading or fiction; but the demand for non-fiction is growing, and the 353 titles in that classification include a wide variety of books, some on specific agricultural subjects, but more on travel and adventure, biography, psychology and philosophy, and home and family life.

And now the book review has entered the field of high finance—indisputable proof that it has "arrived." For the oral book review does make money. Dozens of questionnaires reported book-review benefits, conducted by practically all women's clubs, and especially popular with church circles. The combination of an intelligent and dynamic reviewer, plus a prize book and a modest entrance fee (25c to 50c a review or from $1.00 to $5.00 a series) has proved irresistible—as a money-maker it is fast crowding out the rummage sale, the bazaar, the chances-on-quilts. Some churches even give these once a month, and allow the audience at each meeting to choose the book they wish reviewed for the next month. Other organizations sponsor the single review or a series, for annual community projects: playground equipment, educational funds, etc. Out of this demand

Book Reviews (or talks) in 137 Towns in Six States

124	Book Clubs or Groups (averaging 14 reviews a year)	1,736
1,041	Other study clubs (presenting 2 to 6 reviews a year)	4,031
237	Professional reviewers (averaging 20 reviews a year)	4,740
28	Local radio stations (presenting reviews or book talks from three times a year, to daily)	1,532
37	Libraries (presenting book-review meetings)	296
	Total reviews:	12,335

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a good reviewer, one who frankly has sufficient pull to attract a profitable crowd, has sprung a large and growing group of professional or semi-professional reviewers.

Who are they? Some prominent physicians, lawyers, newspaper writers, bookshop owners; many members of college and university faculties; a large number of ministers and rabbis who usually choose for review books on social problems or of an ethical or philosophical interest; specialists in certain subjects—history, science, foreign relations, psychology and the problems of daily living. But the vast majority are club women: young ones fresh from college, having majored in literature or public speaking; mature ones, with wide experience in various organizational capacities—all however with good voices and personalities, clear minds. Especially popular is the reviewer who can telescope a thousand-page book into a sparkling hour's talk without notes; for audiences sit in naive awe before someone who never so much as glances at his cuff notes or the back of a scribbled envelope!

Many and varied are their reasons for doing it. Some because they enjoy it, there is a pleasure in doing something well; because it satisfies an almost universal urge for acting or public speaking without too great a demand on creative ability; because they really like to acquaint a large audience with a book they think worth while; because they can't get out of it—in a small town it is well-nigh impossible to refuse the pleading program chairman who lives next door or who is your husband's best customer; and, frankly, sometimes because it pays a little. Many professional reviewers still graciously give their reviews as a courtesy to the sponsoring organization. Often gifts are presented them following a review—a corsage, the flowers from the tea table, a vanity-case; one reviewer, a week after a free talk on "Family Portrait," found at her door-step a basket of farm delicacies—a dozen eggs, a bowl of cottage cheese, a pound of country sausage—from a grateful rural chairman who may (or may not) have heard of the barter theater! More reviewers, however, largely in self-defense, have begun to charge for their reviews, either a flat sum, or a percentage of the receipts. Many are employed by large department stores, women's clubs, hotels, as a drawing card for customers or members; others are their own lecture-managers, send out brochures listing books they will review during the coming year, and are in demand before men's clubs, at conventions, for benefits. But except for a limited few in the large cities or those whose reviews have graduated into the lecture-recital class, they probably cannot make a living by it—the usually meager program budgets of clubs rarely permit payment of more than $5.00 to $10.00 for a review; if more can be afforded, outstanding lecturers are obtained through national bureaus. But even a modest return from reviewing at least augments the family income, enables one woman to help send a daughter through college, another to buy a shelf of books a year, another to take a frequent trip to a larger city.

And the professional review itself is usually better than the rambling amateur one. Though the large, heterogeneous audience attracted by a public reviewer often demands the non-critical, "tell all" type of review, many professional reviewers, realizing their opportunity of raising the level of reading taste of their communities, will in addition to a fairly complete condensation adroitly slip in criticisms of the book, brief excursions into other works by the same author, recommendations of similar current or older books by other writers. By his very choice of books the reviewer often creates a desire in his city for a better type of book.

Do all these thousands of book reviews—before small groups, large clubs, by amateur or professional—increase the sale of books? 57% of those polled ventured the opinion that oral book reviews definitely stimulated book buying, especially for gifts. Women do nearly all of the consumer buying in the United States, and women are canny buyers: they hesitate to spend money on a book either for their own shelves or for difficult Uncle Peter, unless they know just what is in it: the good content review helps them make an intelligent choice. In a survey made by Station WOI a few years ago, 470 listeners replied that they had purchased 968 books, solely because of the radio readings; 201 librarians reported so marked an increase in the demand for books that they had to buy 2,845 books, chiefly duplicates, to meet this demand. Also, adequate publicity attendant on the review helps create a desire for the book by those who did *not* hear the review; and all books sell better owing to interest created by book reviews.

And finally, the oral book review increases book borrowing, in the opinion of 66% of those queried. Some are enthusiastic about it: "Audiences can scarcely wait to get the book and read it"; "at least 50% to 75% of those hearing the review read the book." Others report that, for the majority, hearing the book reviewed is merely a substitute for reading it. A vehement 34% felt that the review does *not* stimulate reading, is merely a short-cut, is ruining the reading public, and often actually leads to cancellations on the library reserve lists. This is particularly true of fiction—some private lending libraries, about 99% fiction, report that a condensation "kills" a book—and of the content type of review, where the reviewer exhausts both the book and the audience, leaving nothing for the hearer to discover. Other reasons for not reading the book appear again and again: lack of time but a desire to "keep up" easily and pleasantly; eyes will not permit; some are frankly lazy and prefer to sit and listen to a review, followed by a cup of tea, rather than read; some say library waiting lists are too long, and they cannot afford to buy the books;—and some would never read them, anyway, review or no review!

In these six central states live about one-ninth of the people of the United States. If their book habits are at all typical of the other forty-two, then there must be at least several thousand small book clubs, reading books in advance and meeting to wrangle over them; other clubs in the tens of thousands that use the book review technique frequently; several hundred local radio stations, in addition to the national broadcasting companies, presenting book reviews; thousands of professional reviewers. The popularity of the spoken review is unquestioned, and is in most districts still on the rise. Its value, as a stimulant to buying and reading of books, is open to question, although in the considered opinion of the majority who answered the questionnaire, it stimulates slightly more than it retards, depending on the reviewer, the review, the book itself, the listener, attendant publicity, and the availability of books.

The crying need in this part of the country is more books, particularly for the neglected rural districts—and more time in which to read them. But if we can't get the books, or steal the time, then let us by all means encourage whatever may improve reviews in our town, make them more provocative, critical, and brief—and away to the public stocks for anyone who completely ruins a book!

The written book review has long been an integral part of the literary pattern. It has developed style, finesse, and a definite technique. But the spoken review is a sort of step-child, untutored, gangling, at the awkward stage, and growing fast. Shall we call a town meeting to decide his fate? Do we chloroform him before he gets unmanageable? Or do we let him live, and try to train him?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Extraordinary talent"

"Has succeeded brilliantly"

"Remarkable first novel"

"Book of rarest beauty"

Rave reviews of **IOLA FULLER'S**

THE LOON FEATHER

Hopwood Award Novel

The great success of this gorgeous novel of Mackinac Island in fur-trading days has been assured ever since it was discovered by the amazed judges of the Hopwood Award. Its beautiful story, and the exquisitely fresh talent of the author, have won it the enthusiasm of the booktrade—three printings before publication—and now such reviews as these:

"It has two distinctions which are all too rare: it deserves an award, and the award is justified if it can bring to light such remarkable talent as Iola Fuller possesses . . . A remarkable first novel, beautifully written." —*Richard A. Cordell, Saturday Review*

"An ample, gracious, quick-moving story which combines an unusual theme and setting with a rare lyric charm . . . She has succeeded brilliantly."
—*Edith H. Walton, New York Times*

"Distinguished by the author's imaginative feeling . . . genuine richness of background . . . Also she has a style."
—*Stephen Vincent Benet, New York Herald Tribune*

"A book of the rarest beauty."
—*Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*

Third printing, $2.50

An extraordinary book for every lover of Shakespeare

The Art and Life of William Shakespeare

By HAZELTON SPENCER

The first "life" in many years; more than that, a detailed commentary on the plays—the whole deriving vitality and immense readability from the engaging style of the eminent scholar, Hazelton Spencer.

"A witty and scholarly book, distinguished by good sense and excellent literary taste."—*The New Yorker*

"For the general reader, the ideally useful, informative companion volume to the plays."
—*Time Magazine*

"All the known facts, together with a compendium of criticism, interpretation, and stage history which represents a remarkable job of sifting."—*The Nation*

495 pages, and many photographs, $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. A. Henty

(*Continued from page 4*)

into difficulties. He wrote a book about the first part of the Hundred Years' War. Obviously no hero could go through it and still be in his young manhood, and all normal mature men marry. So Henty gave in and married him, but without romance. Henty's heroes all married in the end, on the last page. The reader was always informed, with what it is to be feared in these sentimental times would be called crudity, that the bride was accompanied by a comfortable dowry, thus enabling the hero to live happily ever after, and raise a large family.

There is some significance in the fact that Henty's life just spanned Victoria's reign: he was preëminently "Victorian." His heroes were always honest and upright. However, his books did not point a moral in the sense that they displayed a triumph of virtue. War is a business in which anything goes provided it is successful—what in any other field would be called downright crookedness is in war politely termed strategy—and this applies equally to boy soldiers. Finally, Henty, like Mark Twain, had no use for the goody-goody boy, and in consequence his heroes are considerably more genuine than most of the juvenile characters of his day.

In any case, morality and virtue were of comparatively little importance to Henty. His real purpose was to give "under the guise of historical tales full and accurate accounts of all the leading events of the great wars." From his own experience he realized the difficulty of this. "I remember that, as a boy, I regarded any attempt to mix instruction with amusement as objectionable a practice as the administration of powder in jam; but I think that this feeling arose from the fact that in those days books contained a very small share of amusement and a very large share of instruction. I have endeavored to avoid this, and I hope that the accounts of battles and sieges, illustrated as they are by maps, will be found as interesting as the lighter parts of the story." Henty always acknowledged his sources. He once said, in connection with a book on Wellington's campaigns, "The military facts, with the names of generals and regiments, are all strictly accurate, and anyone who has read with care the story of the 'Young Buglers' could pass an examination as to the leading events of the Peninsular War." In consequence, Henty's books were as popular with the teachers of his time as they were with his juvenile readers.

Henty could never be accused of narrowness in scope; his books ranged all the way from the reign of Thotmes III in Egypt to that of Edward VII in England. He even managed to get two books on the Boer War finished before his death, but, in general, the nineteenth-century wars occupied first place in his attentions, with those of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively second and third.

Not all of Henty's books dealt with war. One was about the great London fire during the Restoration, another on the Nihilists in Russia, another on the California gold rush—Henty had visited California—another on the Luddite riots, and so on. He realized that there were "peaceful battles to be fought and victories to be won every jot as arduous and difficult as those contested under arms." And sometimes he was just tired: "I have again left the battlefields of history," he once wrote, "simply for a change—a change both for you and myself, but frankly more for myself than for you. . . . I feel that unless I break away sometimes from history, I shall be haunted day and night by visions of men in armor, and soldiers of all ages and times."

For nineteenth-century England *the war* was the struggle with Revolutionary and Napoleonic France. To Henty also, the long war with France was the height of warfare, to which he turned for comparison and contrast, and for precedent. War, then, meant to him short-range weapons, grape and solid shot; redcoated soldiers led by officers on horseback, sword in hand; bayonet and saber charges played in by bands to the accompaniment of cheers; officers who were also aristocrats, who made war with small armies in an aristocratic manner, and with a minimum of damage to private property. The successful operations of the German army in the war of 1870 brought about a drastic change in every army in the world, and even in England reforms were initiated by Lord Cardwell. As for Henty, in 1870 he had predicted that the French would win, and after the easy German victory he sadly remarked, "There is no romance in German warfare." He opposed every attempt at reform in the British army, even the abolition of commission purchase.

Henty was middle-class, capitalistic, conservative—all that these three words stood for in nineteenth-century England. Though an enthusiastic clubman who thoroughly enjoyed the dinners at the Savage and similar clubs, he was always threatening to resign in protest of what he considered to be the radical views of some of the club members. His social creed was simple: "Whatever might be said as to distinction of classes in England, it is certain that in no country in the world is the upward path more open to those who brace themselves to climb it." All social revolution was wrong. The authors of the French Revolution of 1793 were "monsters" who might have been easily stamped out had England had the wit to send troops early in the war. As for the French Revolution of 1871, "a more senseless, more unjustifiable, more shameful revolution in my mind was never made." At the same time he sympathized with nationalist revolution—so long as it was not aimed at England. Thus, he could understand Garibaldi's hopes to unify Italy, but not Garibaldi's republican leanings. However, Henty indulged in no fondness for dictatorial regimes. Of a Stuart attempt to regain the English throne, he wrote, "it is well indeed that the enterprise failed." "But," he added, "there are few episodes in history so romantic," and in fact the heroes of no less than seven of his books were Jacobites.

Henty was a stanch Protestant. Gustavus Adolphus was an especial hero of his, and he even saw a defender of Protestantism in Frederick the Great. His dislike of Catholicism, though by no means fanatical, was firm. He regarded Spain much as the Elizabethans had, as the home of the Inquisition and of abomination generally. Significantly, only one of his heroes served in a Spanish army (that of Cortez), and that only after a carefully contrived accident.

It goes without saying that Henty was patriotic. In his tale of the American Revolution a character speaks for him: "I am an Englishman, and my sympathies are wholly with my country. I regard the present rebellion as the work of a clique of ambitious men who have stirred up the people by incendiary addresses and writings." (It should be said that he wrote this despite the fact that his large body of American readers, and those in England of liberal upbringing, would strongly dislike it.) His heroes were nearly always English, serving whenever possible with English armies.

The French he disliked. They were unathletic—and Henty would have agreed that England's battles were won on the playing fields of Eton and Oxford—excitable, niggardly, and revolutionary; and in any case hadn't they been England's hereditary enemy for centuries? But his dislike for the French was personal. From a practical standpoint it was the Russians he feared. There was the Crimea and the Khiva expedition in his own experience.

The Empire to Henty was a religion, and he definitely believed in the white man's burden. He would point to the continued turbulence of Haiti

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as an example of what an inferior race would do on its own. But while Henty was a good patriot, he was not a blind one. "Every one agrees," he wrote, "that it is sweet and right to die for one's country, but, at the same time, every individual man has a strong reluctance to put himself in the way of that sweet and proper death." Moreover, he was aware, in strong contrast to certain modern British statesmen, of the defects in the British record. He gave a very favorable portrait of the Scotch patriots Wallace and Bruce, at the expense of the English. He condemned outrages perpetrated in Ireland by the troops of Cromwell and William III. Finally, when the news of the British disaster at Majuba Hill (during the first Boer War) arrived in England, Henty wept publically, but he did not attempt an alibi: "A more disgraceful and humiliating chapter in English history than the war in the Transvaal, and the treaty which concluded it, cannot be found." And in the end he left his solemn warning: "The courage of our forefathers created the greatest empire in the world; if this empire is ever lost, it will be by the cowardice of their descendants."

Harvey S. Ford has published articles in military and general magazines.

The Great Unread

(*Continued from page* 8)

demonstrative of his writing-power as direct quotation. In a few strokes Lawrence could pitch us into the heart of Mexico, as in this passage from "The Plumed Serpent":

> Morning! Brilliant sun pouring into the patio, on the hibiscus flowers and the fluttering yellow and green rags of the banana trees. Birds swiftly coming and going, with tropical suddenness. In the dense shadow of the mango-grove, white clad Indians going like ghosts. The sense of fierce sun and almost more impressive, of dark, intense shadow. . . .

When Lawrence wants to introduce an old peddler into this setting, there is not just a notation of the peddler, but: "Silently appears an old man with one egg held up mysteriously, like some symbol"—and the picture will stay with us forever. All Lawrence's stories read like this, have this magic sense of life; his people do not inhabit a black-and-white world of print and paper, but the vivid world we see about us in life. Lawrence's vision is an intensifying one: it has its "secret," a secret he revealed once—in an essay called "The Novel" in one of his most neglected books, "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine"—and that secret was primarily Lawrence's sense of the "quickness" of life. This is a feeling for "the God-flame in things" as opposed to the dead; quickness "seems to consist in an odd sort of fluid, changing, grotesque of beautiful relatedness." A table in the room where he is writing is dead: "it doesn't even weakly exist. And there is a ridiculous little iron stove, which for some unknown reason is quick. . . . And there is a sleeping cat, very quick. And a glass lamp that, alas, is dead." Lawrence believed that "the man in the novel must be 'quick' . . . he must have a quick relatedness to all the other things in the novel," to snow and silk hats as well as to God and toothpaste.

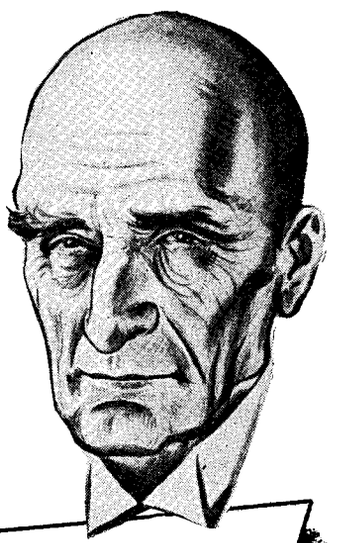
"Quickness"—Lawrence found the correct word to describe the most elusive yet the most intrinsic element in his own writing. Within a few years the tramplings and drum-calls of new conquests may obliterate most of the traces of him as well as of many another author, but it is not difficult to imagine a day in the far future when Lawrence's "quickness" will speak for him. It will not matter whether or not the men of that new day accept him as a prophet: the livingness of his writing will speak for him, and his work will be called back, as Melville's was, among the living.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

"The roistering saga of a giant and a decade; exhilarating and pungent"

—*N.Y HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS*

FIRST REVIEWS:



● "A brilliant novel without a dull moment . . . an intensely interesting, densely populated and dashing chronicle; a full length portrait of exciting warmth and charm."—SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

● "The darndest book you ever did read and a sure best-seller from the word 'go'."—*Wagner,* N. Y. MIRROR.

● "Moves swiftly, loudly and rollickingly. A 'Since Yesterday' done in uproarious story form, the pattern of a decade as seen through the eyes—and in the descendants—of a shrewd, lewd and lovable survivor of a more robust age."—*Lewis Gannett;* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

● "A story that is warm with humanity and good humor; a masterfully joyous creation."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

398 pages, $2.50

FIVE PRINTINGS BEFORE PUBLICATION

DECADE

A NOVEL BY Stephen Longstreet

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 St., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

to this: Because of historical accidents, present-day German theology, unlike Mr. Eliot's, is incompatible with the true tendency of totalitarianism, which re-affirms the religious-social nature of society. But it re-affirms Mr. Eliot's "truth" on "a lower level." Also, "the fundamental objection to fascist doctrine . . . is that it is pagan." However, it is "dogma that differentiates a Christian from a pagan society." Hence, by substituting "Christian" for "pagan" at the foundation or bottom, you *ipso facto* transform "lower level totalitarianism" into Mr. Eliot's "Christian [Fascist] Society"—The Higher Totalitarianism.

3. Miss Bishop talks about "democracy" and "liberalism." But she doesn't say whether she uses these words as Mr. Eliot does. I suppose I should take it for granted she does, since she rushes to his defence. I quoted his summation of the nature of Liberalism and that will have to be enough.

> (I) If, then, Liberalism disappears from the philosophy of life of a people, what positive is left? We are left with the term "democracy," a term which, for the present generation, still has a Liberal connotation of "freedom." But totalitarianism can retain the terms of "freedom" and "democracy" and give them its own meaning: and *its right to them* is not so easily disproved as minds inflamed by passion suppose [p. 17; italics mine].

Mr. Eliot has a "Note" on the above:

> (II) A letter appeared in *The Times* (April 24, 1939) from General F. J. G. Fuller, who, as *The Times* has previously stated, was one of the two British visitors invited to Herr Hitler's birthday celebrations. General Fuller states that he is "a firm believer in the democracy of Mazzini, because he places duty to the nation before individual rights." General Fuller calls himself a "British Fascist," and believes that Britain "must swim with the out-flowing tide of this great political change" (*i.e.*, to a fascist system of government).
>
> From my point of view, General Fuller has as good a title to call himself a "believer in democracy" as any one else [p. 69].

In this case Mr. Eliot puts (I) and (II) together. Does Miss Bishop believe as he does that a fascist has as good a title to call himself a believer in democracy as *any one else* —say any one from John Locke to John Dewey, from George Fox to Jane Addams, from Thomas Jefferson to Eugene Debs? Does she believe with him that only "minds inflamed by passion suppose" that totalitarianism has no *right* to the terms "freedom" and "democracy"? Or does she believe that elementary honesty in the use of terms and the actual theory and practice of totalitarianism necessarily exclude the latter from all rights whatsoever to the terms "freedom" and "democracy"?

4. If the quotations above and in my review do not amply reveal Mr. Eliot's doctrine on "means," here's another:

> And what is *worst of all* is to advocate Christianity, not because it is true, but because it might be beneficial [p. 59; italics mine].

The blood and bones of tens of millions testify to the meaning of this. The war-cry of every fanaticism, the "higher" justification of every persecution and cruelty has always been some variant of *Fiat Justitia, Ruat Coelum.* Mr. Eliot substitutes "veritas" for "justitia" and effects a free translation. (The same goes for Miss Bishop's paraphrase "We must have something absolute to which to refer the contingent.")

5. There is a vast difference between "unity of thought" and "uniformity of thought." Which does Miss Bishop *really* mean?

Why does Mr. Eliot have such faint hopes for America? Because we cannot have "unity of thought" or "uniformity of thought"? He does not say, as Miss Bishop says for him, that he "believes the situation in America to be insoluble." Miss Bishop's statement may be what he "really meant," but he says that "the variety of races and religious communions represented *appear to render* the problem insoluble." He continues:

> But I believe that if these countries [the United States of America and the Dominions] are to develop a positive culture of their own, and not remain merely derivatives of Europe, they can only proceed either in the direction of a pagan or of a Christian society. I am not suggesting that the latter alternative *must lead to the forcible suppression,* or to the complete disappearance of dissident sects; still less, I hope, to a superficial union of Churches under an official exterior, or, a union in which theological differences would be so belittled that its Christianity might become wholly bogus. But a positive culture must have a positive set of values, *and the dissentients must remain marginal, tending to make only marginal contributions* [pp. 45-46; italics mine].

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, and The Religious Society of Friends can settle whether their solution of "theological differences" leads to a "bogus" Christianity; whether to be a Christian it is "necessary to hold the Christian Faith according to the Creeds" [p. 86].

Mr. Eliot not only advocates a *numerus clausus* in the *statistical* sense: "there will be room for a *proportion* . . . " He advocates this idea in the *cultural* sense: "dissentients must remain marginal, tending to make only marginal contributions." If you know of a completer statement of pure Hitlerism than Mr. Eliot's "Idea" I'd like to see it.

Miss Bishop and your other correspondents who protested my review may have to wait upon the further revelations of Mr. Eliot before they know the means by which those who "must" be kept marginal are so kept, and their contributions similarly. I seem to remember that in the days of Pontius Pilate the Christians were dissentients and that for centuries the Romans had the idea that the Christians' contributions as well as the Christians must be kept marginal. I seem also to remember something about the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. And wasn't there an Inquisition in Spain? And doesn't Hitler uphold the doctrine that dissentients *must* remain marginal and does not Hitler stop at nothing to fulfill this "mandate" or "must" of Mr. Eliot's "positive culture"? "It is not enthusiasm, but dogma that differentiates a Christian from a pagan society." "And worst of all is to advocate Christianity, not because it is true, but because it might be beneficial." Will Mr. Eliot's "Christians" do what is "worst of all" when they will have absolute power to wreak what they will? Will his "Christians" be any the less devoted to what is "best of all" and less "enthusiastic" in fulfilling the "best" than Herr Hitler and his minions? And Herr Hitler is still an unexcommunicated member of the Catholic Church.

6. Miss Bishop is quite right in saying Mr. Eliot would prefer that a reviewer discuss his alleged concepts of "negative," "positive," and "neutral" culture, etc. (I acknowledged Mr. Eliot's preferences in the opening paragraph of my review.) But I am not interested in wasting my time, or any one else's in discussing intellectual rubbish. I prefer "greater simplification" or, as they call it around my way, I like brass tacks.

JOSEPH RATNER.

New York City.

The Argus—

has moved to larger quarters in the center of America's central city. A first floor shop is connected by private elevator to spacious second floor display rooms. Catalogs written informally and intelligently are available to all who ask. The shop combs the country for bargains in fine press books. Example: a stunning, autographed, illustrated, de luxe edition of "Of Human Bondage," published at $20; from us $6.95.

THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP
16 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

bookshop to the nation

ROOSEVELT AGAIN!

by
SENATOR JOSEPH F. GUFFEY

". . . . gives many and potent reasons for concluding Roosevelt should have a third term."
Phila. Inquirer

$1.00

FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO.
0 S. QUINCE St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Reader's Almanac

Postcript on March

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

☞Let's cheat a little and tuck two February dates—latecomers—into this category:—Thomas L. Stokes's *Chip Off My Shoulder,* in which a Pulitzer Prize winner makes the home battlefields good reading; and Eugene Lyons carries his disillusionment a step further with *Stalin: Czar of All the Russias,* destroying conclusively the image of Stalin, the enigma, revealing him as dictator supreme. Then to your March record add these:—

MARCH 7

☞The twin authors of *We Married an Englishman,* Ruth and Helen Hoffman, record further adventures in collecting experiences in *Our Arabian Nights.* ☞Tossa and *Hotel in Spain* fell before the conquerors, and Nancy Johnstone records it in a sequel, *Hotel in Flight.*

MARCH 8

☞The first of the blackmailers finds the perfect biographer in T. C. Chubb's *Aretino, Scourge of Princes.*

MARCH 14

☞Adventures for the disgruntled who have lost faith in America in *Americans All Over* by Jerome Beatty. ☞*Morning Shows the Day* by Evelyn Bolster is a thoroughly engaging novel of childhood, minus the introversion only too often an element. ☞The Sears Roebuck catalogues are the push-button to the zigzag of America's mores in *The Good Old Days* by David L. Cohn. ☞Folklore, retold with modern swing and pace, in a first-rate tale, Maurice Walsh's *Son of Apple.*

MARCH 15

☞A liberal discards, rejects, denies, rebuilds—*The American Stakes* by John Chamberlain. ☞A. E. Housman is the purest poet of our time, and his *Collected Poems* include twenty that have not previously appeared in his books. ☞We lost ourselves completely in a dramatic novel of early California, *Cathedral in the Sun,* by Anne B. Fisher. It is almost another *Ramona.* ☞Graham Greene is macabre and vitriolic in *The Labyrinthine Ways*—but the man can write.

MARCH 18

☞A Maine *Desire Under the Elms —Be Thou the Bride* by Christine Weston; good reading, but not for the straitlaced.

MARCH 21

☞In sharp contrast, an esoteric first novel by Rayner Heppenstall, *The Blaze of Noon,* which recalls something of the quality of D. H. Lawrence's early work. ☞Twelve-year-old Patsy Ziemer tells what life was like "over there" in *Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler.*

MARCH 22

☞All the Alger success stories in one in the life of Woolworth,—*Five and Ten* by John K. Winkler. ☞Grim, lusty, exciting, a Tatar tells the story of experience in the land of his fathers, in *Land without Laughter,* by Ahmad Kamal.

MARCH 28

☞*You Be the Judge* by Ernest Mortenson makes a refreshingly novel approach to the dry-as-dust subject of law.

MARCH 29

☞Let's top it off with our pick of the dark horse of the moment, Eugene de Savitch's *In the Absence of Caviar.* A personal history of a doctor who has lived many lives, told with humor and zest.

Art from Two Sources

MODERN ART IN AMERICA. By Martha Candler Cheney. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 190 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

MRS. CHENEY begins by surveying the two sources, European and native, of modern ideas and modern practice in American art. Her introductory chapters show how cubism, for example, not only contributed a new plastic dialect to painting, but encouraged a cleaner and more resourceful use of formal structure in representational art. She finds precursors of the contemporary attitude in certain of the American "primitives," and in such sophisticates as Horatio Greenough, who in word if not in neo-classic practice, deplored the meaningless stylistic "isms" of his day, and forecast functionalism. By 1913, thanks to men like Sloan and Henri, our painters and sculptors had won their right to develop personal styles based upon first-hand experience, free from academism. The period since 1913 has produced the selective realism of a Sheeler and the highly personalized visions of a Marin, art to please the artist and art to decorate city halls and inspire civic virtue, art of mathematical abstractness and art specifying social injustice or encouraging social change. In this book, nearly three hundred American artists are given brief characterization, their relation to modernism is described, their chief works mentioned, and the priv-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GREEK TRAGEDY *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Macmillan: $2.)	Leader of English culture cruise in Aegean slain near Delphi. Supt. Wilson acts as oracle.	Culchaw and crime neatly mixed. Reminiscent of Oliver Optic stories, which we bet few now alive remember.	Slow but sure
THE AFFAIRS OF O'MALLEY *William MacHarg* (Dial: $2.50)	Matter-of-fact New York cop solves thirty-three murders in short order.	Crisp, straight-to-the-point short stories briskly written and ably plotted.	Hors d'oeuvres
THE PATIENCE OF MAIGRET *Georges Simenon* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Two exploits of phlegmatic Gaul, one scened in Paris, t'other in provinces. Several murders and one suicide.	Interesting more as gallery of odd characters than as detective stories, though French sleuth's highly individual method may please.	Readable
DEATH STALKS THE FLEET *Harley Cope* (Lyman House: $2.)	Fanatical Japanese organization working toward blitzkrieg foiled by daring naval intelligence officers.	Beyond some interesting technical data about torpedoes and such, this hasn't much to offer.	So-So

NOW READY
THE NEW
LESLIE FORD
MYSTERY ROMANCE
Road to Folly
Scene: Charleston, S. C.; murders: two; entertainment value: unexcelled.
$2.00 • at bookstores • SCRIBNERS

INSTEAD OF YOUR WINTER CRUISE
—Visit New York
Plan your winter relaxation this year where travel is safe. Sightseeing unequaled any other place in the world, besides new shows, new styles, new thrills!
Only a Block from Radio City
Write for list of current attractions and special winter vacation rates.
Hotel NEW WESTON
The Best Location in New York
MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH STREET
New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ilege extended them of speaking for themselves. There are ninety-six plates, and quotations from men like Gropper, Knaths, Hirsch, and Carroll shed considerable light on their purposes and practices. In more generally esthetic passages the author contributes, to be sure, little that is new and original; her language reminds us how irritatingly vague are many of the critical expressions current in books on modernism—"the rhythms that accent the rise and decline of what we familiarly call civilization," "vital experience," "dynamic," "unique quality," "integrating vision," "a new spirit abroad," "a new order of sensibility."

Upon certain artists, notably John Marin, Mrs. Cheney writes with keen observation and communicable sympathy. And she has accomplished what she claims as her purpose: to show by text and picture the existence, and suggest the prevailing plastic character, of an independent national expression through American art. Students in search of information concerning this one or that one among the huge and heterodox company of modern artists in this country will be glad to find so much of it between two covers.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 309)

THOMAS DE QUINCEY:
THE CAESARS

So refined were his habits . . . that Julius Caesar is said to have carried with him as . . . personal baggage the little ivory lozenges, squares, circles and ovals, with other costly materials wanted for the tessellated flooring of his tent.

The "Arkansas Traveler's"
TWAINIANA
MARK TWAIN AND I

by Opie Read
Humorous reminiscences written shortly before Opie Read's recent death.
$1.00
At all bookstores or direct from
THE REILLY & LEE CO.
325 W. HURON STREET - CHICAGO

The New Books

Belles-Lettres

A VOYAGE TO CACKLOGALLINIA. By Captain Samuel Brunt. Columbia University Press. 1940. 167 *pp.* $2.20.

"A Voyage to Cacklogallinia" was first printed in 1727. "Captain Samuel Brunt," its pseudonymous author, was thought to be Swift or Defoe—both bad guesses despite subject-matter parallels. The author still remains unidentified, and the book has become rare. The narrator tells how he was shipwrecked on the coast of a fabulous land, how he lived among the natives, and how he went on a voyage to the moon. Figured in his adventures is a good deal of social and political satire, particularly of the crude speculation incidental to the South Sea Bubble. There are also interesting revelations of the scientific thought of the day. Important to students of the eighteenth century, the book is now available in a Facsimile Text Society edition provided with a handy introduction by Marjorie Nicolson.

A. C.

Biography

PETER ANTHONY DEY: Integrity in Public Service. By Jack T. Johnson. State Historical Society of Iowa. 1939. 246 *pp., with index.* $2.

Railroad surveyor and engineer, a man who had an important part in pushing the steel tracks westward from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to the Mississippi River, from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and who made the basic surveys for the Union Pacific lines from Omaha to Utah, was Peter Anthony Dey. The story of his life is an illuminating footnote on railroad history, as well as a modestly inspiring record of a sturdy, helpful character who influenced the people of his town (Iowa City) and his state.

Mr. Johnson's brief biography will interest all who are stirred by midwest pioneering, not in its gaudy phases, but as a way of life which was not easy, one which strong men found just to their taste. To Mr. Dey's credit be it said he resigned as Union Pacific chief engineer because he did not care to have any possible relationship with the contract scandals he foresaw and with the Credit Mobilier financing of which he did not approve. His was a successful life for the best of all reasons—it was based upon complete integrity of character.

G. G.

Fiction

UNCLE SNOWBALL. By Frances Frost. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Frances Frost's third novel is as much a poet's novel as were "Innocent Summer" and "Yoke of Stars"; throughout "Uncle Snowball" is a preoccupation with sounds, sights, and odors, as well as an unfailing exactitude in use of words, that suggests the novelist's real calling. In "Uncle Snowball" Frances Frost relaxes from the rigors of poetry to compose a bubbling, homespun sketch of a New England farm family and their eccentric but lovable hired man. There is no plot whatever—merely an account of Our Farm over the period of one year; and the only pattern that shapes the narrative is imposed by the seasons themselves. There are three accidental deaths, a birth, a husking bee, a picnic, an off-stage murder, a hundred practical jokes, an almost continuous exchange of banter and affection, and, of course, the daily work on the farm. That is all.

Perhaps it is impossible to set "North of Boston" to the music of the fiddle and the hornpipe. For all the whisky drinking, field mice on the dining room table, pet snakes in the bedrooms, and Uncle Snowball's endless repertoire of comic songs, the book remains inexorably well-bred and genteel. More than a half century of vigorous Western humor has perhaps dulled our appreciation of the more delicate bucolic humors of New England; "Uncle Snowball" seems less amusing than Sarah Orne Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs"—and less well written. The constant raillery and banter among the children may be precocious enough to delight the parents, but much of it is tiresome for the reader, giving to the whole book an impression of triviality which is undeserved. The characterizations and backgrounds are sharp and distinct, and many readers will relish the warm humanity of the novel, and acquaintance with a group of characters who live their days with courage and laughter.

R. A. C.

REHEASAL FOR LOVE. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 301 *pp.* $2.

The unexpected does not play a very large part in Faith Baldwin's novels. Her pattern is a satisfactory one and seems to make chain-readers of her public. "Rehearsal for Love" is the story of Kathleen Roberts, who is not only beautiful and intelligent, but steady in a chaotic world. So she keeps her head in the face of the impetuous love-making of her handsome, ruthless, and entirely self-made employer, Pat Bell, and refuses to marry him until her parents return from Europe to add their blessing and the sanction of their class. The rehearsal is romantic and exciting. Pat, for all his bumptious charm, turns out to be a bit of a cad. Kathleen's infatuation fades with increasing knowledge of her fiancé but her disillusionment is softened by the constant and adoring

(*Continued on page* 22)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A novel headed for controversy!

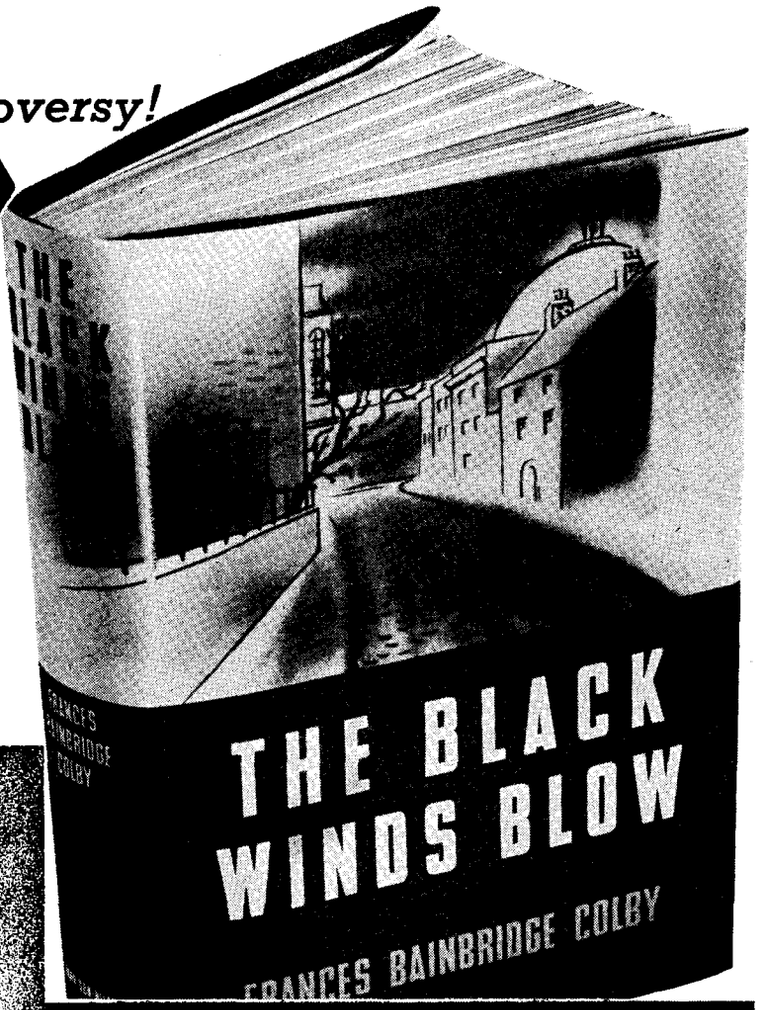
THE BLACK WINDS BLOW

by FRANCES BAINBRIDGE COLBY

FIRST—because of its biting picture of Boston's Back Bay "society". Second—because it is the first novel of a young author (of a distinguished literary family) who portrays the relationship of a husband with his wife and with other women with astonishing maturity and insight.

THE BLACK WINDS BLOW is the story of a lovely young Irish girl who comes as a bride to Boston to face her husband's mother, his family and his former fiancee in a struggle that sets the stage for tragedy. In our opinion no woman writer has appeared since May Sinclair who can handle a theme like this with such brilliant success.

369 pages, $2.50



HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS

The story of a doctor torn between passion for his wife and his desire to serve humanity

MANY men wanted what Tom Raleigh got, the beautiful, passionate Jewell Winthrop. But with her he had to take what many men feared—Jewell's family, headed by old Governor Winthrop, whose ruthless political machine elected Harding. While the Winthrops were grabbing all they could get, Tom dared to find happiness in the arms of a lovely nobody named Fran Siddons, and among the people of Corinth who really needed him . . .

AND SO DEDICATED is a big novel . . . big enough to tell the story of the generation that celebrated 1920 with the first prohibition liquor, and then marched into the future to stamp their time as the "do-anything-you-can-get-away-with" era in American life. $2.50

AND SO DEDICATED

A novel by THOMAS BURTON

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS, Inc.
420 Madison Avenue · New York

What alcohol really does . . .

TWELVE AGAINST ALCOHOL

by HERBERT LUDWIG NOSSEN, M. D.

A RENOWNED specialist on dipsomania here presents the autobiographical accounts of twelve patients who tell in their own words of their growing addiction to alcohol, their trials and doubts while struggling in its grip, and their mental and physical experiences while on the road to recovery. Their case histories are extraordinarily honest and unabashed. Each, however, has a "happy ending" insofar as each indicates that a cure can be made even in the most difficult cases of addiction to alcohol.

Published at this time, this book is of the utmost importance, for it challenges the conclusions of recent writings that minimize the effect of alcohol on the human system. 246 pages, $2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

presence of Paul McClure, a playboy playwright who belongs to her New York as the Italian-Irish contractor never could. Miss Baldwin introduces a gay Bohemian crowd, plenty of melodrama, and several surprises.

R. L.

AND SO DEDICATED. By Thomas Burton. Harrison-Hilton Books. 1940. 416 *pp.* $2.50.

This sensational novel is a remarkable jumble of bad writing, sophomoric thinking, and slovenly reporting. The author, who loves language not wisely but too well, pours out his words by the bucketful with a brave disregard of meanings and nuances; his aping of several popular writers results in unintended stylistic parodies; and his account of the Roaring Twenties—the background of the book—is studded with inaccuracies that make us mistrust his knowledge, or at least his memory, of the period. One has the uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Burton has kept his eyes fixed on what has been written about the twenties rather than on that interesting era itself—that "And So Dedicated" is as synthetic a product as the prohibition liquor so copiously swilled by its characters. This story of personal passion and tragedy, set in a matrix of political and social history, is really the present equivalent of the fiction that used to be supplied by Ethel M. Dell and her kind. Like theirs, this fiction has a waiting audience; and it may even find a waiting Hollywood. ("Clean it up for the Hays Office, boys, and give it a different ending.") But even Miss Dell was not as slipshod in revision as Mr. Burton has proved himself to be. For instance, a mysterious character named Fern, who is not otherwise mentioned, makes two puzzling appearances—puzzling, that is, until the reader realizes that "Fern" must once have been the first name bestowed by her creator on the very important character of Tom Raleigh's wife, Jewell Winthrop. Having decided to change Fern to Jewell—probably to avoid possible confusion with the equally important "other woman," Fran—Mr. Burton unhappily overlooked Fern's survival, as witness his carelessness, on pages 129 and 157. But, in a novel of this caliber, this small sin of editorial omission seems almost negligible.

B. R. R.

THE BEST ONE ACT PLAYS OF 1939

Including Plays by

Archibald MacLeish
William Saroyan
Alfred Kreymborg
Channing Pollock
William Kozlenko
Florence Ryerson *and*
Colin Clements
William Rose Benét
and others

Also invaluable year book data about plays and their authors.

Edited by
MARGARET MAYORGA

390 pages—$2.50

DODD, MEAD • NEW YORK

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books, Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Our catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street. Dept. 300, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1921.)

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialists in Crime, Criminology, and Detective Fiction. THE CRIME SHOP—Louis Greenfield, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

CRIMINOLOGICAL BOOKS—both FACT and FICTION—we specialize in them—for CRIME CONNOISSEURS. A list of your "hard-to-find" books will be promptly supplied. ROGUE HEAD PRESS, Dept. S, Box 541, Grand Central Annex.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Albums loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKPLATES — Samples 10c. Heraldic Bookplate Crafters, Calumet City, Ill.

CLASSIFIED

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

GENERAL

ARE YOU A WOMAN? Then you'll want your husband or sweetheart to read "How Does SHE Love?" in Wynn's Astrology Magazine. Also: "Whom Will I Marry?"

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

YOUR STORIES, BOOKS, NOVELS SOLD. Clients on Best-Seller Lists and in national magazines. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision, publication. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MOST AUTHORS NEED HELP! SALES! to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California, REpublic 8644.

PAULINE RESNIKOFF—MANUSCRIPTS—excellently typed—corrected. Sincere, intelligent PERSONAL ATTENTION. MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE, 242 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.—LExington 2-4770.

CLARA CHANIN — Manuscript Copying Service. Intelligent, attractive work. 15c page, copies. Famous references. MElrose 5-4570.

RESEARCH ASSOCIATES—Research for Writers and Lecturers. Manuscripts Edited and Typed. Experienced Research and Editorial Staff. 140 West 42nd St., N. Y. C. Tel. WIsconsin 7-5477.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO?—Yes—you can enjoy a 3½ or 4 room apartment, having a private floor to yourself in a newly remodeled building on famous Murray Hill. Quiet garden in rear. Fireplaces, dining foyers, kitchenettes, ample closets. Cross ventilation. From $65 monthly. Also 2 rooms. Inquire Supt., 131 East 34th.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, fiftyish, carrying heavy job and as a result, intellectually bogged down, would welcome letter-exchange of viewpoints with cheerful, not-too-elderly gentlewoman. Box 674-D.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn. A delightful place all year round. Hills, woods, and water. Excellent food.

16 DUPLICATE CONTRACT BOARDS $1.35. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

BRUSH—OFF THE COBWEBS WITH A SOFT SEA BREEZE AT CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL—A briny breeze and horizons of blue ocean are excellent for quickly clearing the mind of care and boredom. There's only one thing better—the pleasant program of life at these friendly beachfront hotels. The cheerful rooms, squash and badminton courts, concerts, dances, entertainments and tempting meals make the days delightful. New Derbyshire Lounge in Haddon Hall. Restricted clientele. Write for color folder. Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, on the Boardwalk.

YOUNG MAN, experienced secretary, seeks job, preferably in metropolitan area. Efficient but not officious. Box 672-D.

SECRETARY, 30 efficient, personable. Los Angeles Trinity 3011, Room 1217.

TRYON, N. C.—New stone guest house, one mile from village. Peace and quiet, beautiful mountain view, attractive, comfortable rooms, private baths, distinctive food. Open year round, $22.00 up. Mrs. Frances N. Williams, Mill Farm.

IF THERE IS A SCHOOL MISS unmarked by the ravages of educational routine, would she care to correspond with nearly disillusioned Manhattanite. Box 673-D.

PERSONABLE WOMAN, early thirties, seeks stimulating occupation in Chicago. Aptitudes as tested by Human Engineering Laboratories: Objective personality; Finger dexterity, A+; Creative imagination, A+; Accounting aptitude, A+; Observation, A+; Structural visualization, A+; on both men's and womens' norms; Inductive reasoning, A; Tweezer dexterity, B+; Vocabulary, A. Box 675-D.

YOUNG MAN, library school graduate, four years experience, interested in reference or circulation position. Box 676-D.

ATTRACTIVE NEW YORKESS, with a sense of humor, a love of beauty, and a zest for living, invites interesting correspondence. Box 677-D.

INTELLECTUALLY MAROONED MODERNIST would correspond about literature with cultured gentlemen. Box 678-D.

"THE COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING offered by the University of Oklahoma (under the supervision of Prof. W. S. Campbell, 'Stanley Vestal') sounds so efficient and intelligent, whether taken in person or by correspondence, that we are tempted to refer to it many applicants who wish that kind of information and training."—The Saturday Review of Literature (May 13, 1939—page 21). For particulars write STANLEY VESTAL, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

YOUNG WOMAN, 27, desires change. Attractive, cultured, high ideals, sense of humor. Good companion, excellent secretary. Capable in domestic arts. M. A., psychology. Box 679-D.

RESPECTABLY EMPLOYED MAN of 26 wishes to hear from girl having at least one unorthodox opinion. Box 518-D.

FOR SALE—In Midwest community of 85,000 people, a long established, small book store. Reasons for sale upon request. Inquiries confidential. Box 667-D.

THE AMENITIES AND COMFORTS to which you are accustomed at our old stone homestead in the hills. Two hours from the city. With or without bath. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 411, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE. Antique mechanical singing canary; rare, incredibly lifelike. The zenith of Victorian adornment. Box 665-D.

BORED? Best Cures Are Studio Parties (Saturdays, 9:00 P.M.; Sundays, 4:00 P.M.) at Artists & Writers Kitchen, 603 Sixth Ave. Details CHelsea 2-9538.

STRUGGLING WRITER wants western ideas for new story. Will middle or far west correspond? Box 680-D.

FINE 1820 HOUSE burned down recently in Connecticut town on sea. The land is for sale, half-acre, edged by Bay and street of dignified residences. Cut stone foundations, deep cellar. Town gay in summer, pleasant in winter. Three hours from New York. Harbor is yachtsmen's delight. $3,500. W. F. Cole, Stonington, Conn.

Double-Crostics: No. 310

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1- Z	2- U	3- C	4- P		5- L	6- G		7- A	8- Y		9- Z	10- Y	11- E	12- V	
13- X	14- H	15- Z	16- R	17- P	18- T	19- Q	20- K		21- R	22- P	23- I	24- Z		25- T	26- C	27- Q
28- R	29- U	30- J		31- W	32- L		33- R	34- K	35- W	36- M	37- Y	38- X	39- A	40- J		41- Q
42- N	43- W	44- Y	45- S	46- P	47- M		48- V	49- M	50- X	51- P	52- E		53- S	54- W	55- N	
56- F	57- Y	58- T	59- K		60- A	61- U	62- D		63- L	64- S	65- U	66- E	67- A		68- M	
69- L	70- O	71- T		72- X	73- P	74- G	75- B	76- A	77- W	78- S		79- Z	80- U	81- E	82- O	
83- D	84- L	85- N		86- K	87- S	88- Y	89- W		90- J	91- M	92- W	93- D	94- F	95- L		96- H
97- Y	98- E		99- D		100- B	101- U	102- C	103- A		104- B	105- S	106- G	107- I		108- G	109- B
	110- S	111- D	112- I		113- C	114- V	115- E	116- G	117- I	118- N		119- S	120- L		121- J	122- Q
123- O	124- S	125- D	126- F		127- I	128- A		129- X	130- K	131- P	132- O	133- F		134- M	135- H	136- F
137- G	138- K	139- R	140- P	141- I	142- J	143- V	144- U		145- M	146- D	147- O		148- U	149- X	150- L	151- T
152- W	153- M	154- I		155- T	156- U	157- N		158- F	159- O	160- M		161- H	162- E	163- F	164- B	165- E
	166- I	167- D		168- L	169- A		170- V	171- Z	172- X	173- S	174- U	175- C	176- V	177- Q		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Buddhist land of bliss.

B. Small excrescence.

C. Sure and easy thing (slang).

D. Novel by Charles Reade (2 wds.)

E. Governor of a province or people (Gr.)

F. King of England (1135-54).

G. Timely warning (comp.)

H. Boy's cap.

I. English poetess (1830-94).

J. Inclines; sways unsteadily.

K. Tending to progress.

L. One mentally unsound (2 wds.)

M. European capital.

N. Old name of Tokyo.

O. Latin epic.

P. Bounding staccato (violin).

Q. Enrich.

R. Simulated.

S. Author of the Rowley poems.

T. Warning signal.

U. Excessive, unregulated.

V. City in Portugal.

W. Matchless.

X. Purposed indignity.

Y. A mouth of the Nile.

Z. Stretched.

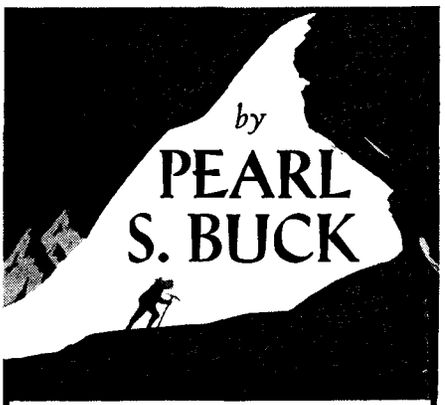
WORDS

76	169	103	7	128	60	67	39		
100	109	75	164	104					
113	175	3	102	26					
111	99	93	62	125	83	167	146		
165	98	162	11	81	115	66	52		
158	133	163	56	126	94	136			
137	108	116	74	6	106				
14	161	135	96						
23	127	117	154	112	107	141	166		
121	142	40	90	30					
34	20	86	130	138	59				
84	5	168	150	32	69	63	120	95	
36	49	134	91	68	153	160	47	145	
157	118	55	85	42					
70	147	132	159	123	82				
46	131	51	22	140	73	4	17		
27	177	41	19	122					
139	16	21	28	33					
173	87	53	78	124	105	64	110	45	119
151	58	25	155	18	71				
65	144	2	29	148	101	61	156	174	80
114	48	143	170	12	176				
54	152	89	92	31	35	43	77		
172	38	129	13	149	50	72			
57	97	8	88	37	44	10			
24	15	9	1	171	79				

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE 1938 NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

A New Novel Set in Both America and the Orient



OTHER GODS

The story of how American hero-worship makes gods out of men—and of what it does to their wives.

"In Bert Holm, Miss Buck has created perhaps her most memorable character, a bundle of sincere absurdities to excite both admiration and laughter."
—*N. Y. Sun*

"A sympathetic human picture, an engrossing narrative, and a quest for spiritual truth. From the beginning on it is an absorbing story."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Delightful to read...a notable American novel...presents our Nobel Prize winner in an entirely new and wholeheartedly welcome vein."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"The characters are real and the book shows a thoughtful understanding of the human emotions and difficulties involved in being one of America's idols."
—*Atlantic Monthly*

"It may be a long time before some other boy from Misty Falls, N. Y., climbs to the top of Mt. Therat and returns to glory, but when he does Miss Buck's readers will stand and watch the welcome-home parade with different eyes."
—*N. Y. Times*

At all bookstores
$2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Mouse in a Florist's Window

Behold this Easter guest who goes
From sculptured lily to frail rose:
O see how small, how fleetly dun,
This tremble-tailed and swiftfoot one!

But why he came, with what vast
plans in mind,
We shall not know—and yet perhaps
find
The thought of him like tiny Life-in-
Death,
Absurdity and Beauty, in a breath!

VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER.

OLD Q. keeps in a special Tickler File things that have gently brushed the inside of his skull. ☞For instance the *New York Times* some weeks ago printed some of the answers written by high school boys in the Edison questionnaire in 1929. ☞Our favorite is the lad who, when asked to describe his idea of a perfect day at Age 50, wrote he "would work hard all day and into the night." And added, he hoped he would have "enough stamina and virility to do this." ☞If Old Q., at the age of 16, had been told what his Typical Day would be some 34 years later, he would have been gravely skeptical. ☞A correspondent asks us, before the college Degree Season comes along, to remind the company of Roy Campbell's verse (in *Adamastor*):—

Who forced the Muse to this alliance?
A man of more degrees than parts—
The jilted Bachelor of Science
And Widower of Arts.

☞We like the new Walt Whitman postage stamp, though the 3-cent denomination (as being more folksy than 5c.) would have pleased Walt better. The little winged horse just under Walt's beard reminds us of a Syracusan coin with that design which the *SRL* in its earliest days used as an emblem. ☞Little, Brown have done very prompt work in preparing *Finland Fights,* by H. B. Elliston, distinguished correspondent of the Christian Science *Monitor* and other papers. The MS. was rushed from Finland to London, uncensored, by diplomatic pouch. ☞One of the most entertaining (and effective) ads recently was Doubleday's for *A Smattering of Ignorance,* parodying the familiar rhapsodies of Essandess in their Ercles vein. ☞Mr. Archie Macdonell, Scottish novelist and journalist, was asked in January by his government to fly to Scandinavia to make some talks on Britain's work in the war. ☞At the last moment, due presumably to some diplomatic anxiety, he was asked not to talk about the war but about Sherlock Holmes. (Mr. Macdonell is secretary of the Sherlock Holmes Society in London). He says:

"Slightly dazed, I set off, and had a rousing time in Stockholm, Oslo and Copenhagen. They all fancied that they knew their Sherlock pretty well, but I soon set them right about that. I took them through the whole story, beginning with the north country squires and the French grandmother, and ending with a moving description of the work which Sherlock is doing for the Government today.

"Although he will be eighty-eight this year, he is back in the Intelligence Department solving cryptograms. Naturally he cannot leave his farm in Sussex because of the physical exertion, but the cryptograms are sent down from the Foreign Office by special messenger, and Mr. Holmes solves them while the messenger is drinking a glass of beer in the hall.

"Watson, of course, has been rejected from the R.A.M.C. for a good many reasons. And so he spends most of his time at his club, describing at some length the fatal battle of Maiwand, looking eagerly at the racing news, and dwelling at even greater length upon 'his experiences of women in three continents.'"

☞During 1939 the Columbia University Press published 94 works, an increase which ran considerably ahead of any other university press. ☞The next two learned presses, in order of bound volumes published, were Harvard and Chicago with 71 and 64 titles apiece. ☞Yale, North Carolina, Princeton, Pennsylvania, followed in that order. ☞We are not suggesting that the importance of these excellent enterprises is measured merely in quantity of output. ☞Statistics are always interesting but not necessarily decisive. ☞Courteously flattering solicitation is that of the excellent quarterly *Kenyon Review* edited at Gambier, Ohio, by John Crowe Ransom. It says: "Dear Literate: We have had reason to put your name upon the list of those whom we covet as readers... see if you are not one of our destinate subscribers."

☞Our always valued correspondent Harry Patterson (Grand Island, Nebraska) writes pleasingly about the books to which he returns with special pleasure. He mentions particularly Conrad's *The Arrow of Gold,* Colton's *The Debatable Land,* Gissing's *Ryecroft,* Belloc's *The Four Men.* ☞He says:—"There is that about the set-up, general atmosphere, lingering arrière pensée of certain books which haunts you, subtly and persistently, until you return to 'em again and again. Why? Heaven only knows, though some meticulous patient verbose German metaphysician might be able to adduce endless reasons. De la Mare once named such books as being 'gold of one's particular stripe.'" This settles the mystery very well for me." ☞H. P. also asks, can any bookseller supply a copy of Leigh Hunt's *A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla* which he has sought in vain for many years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED